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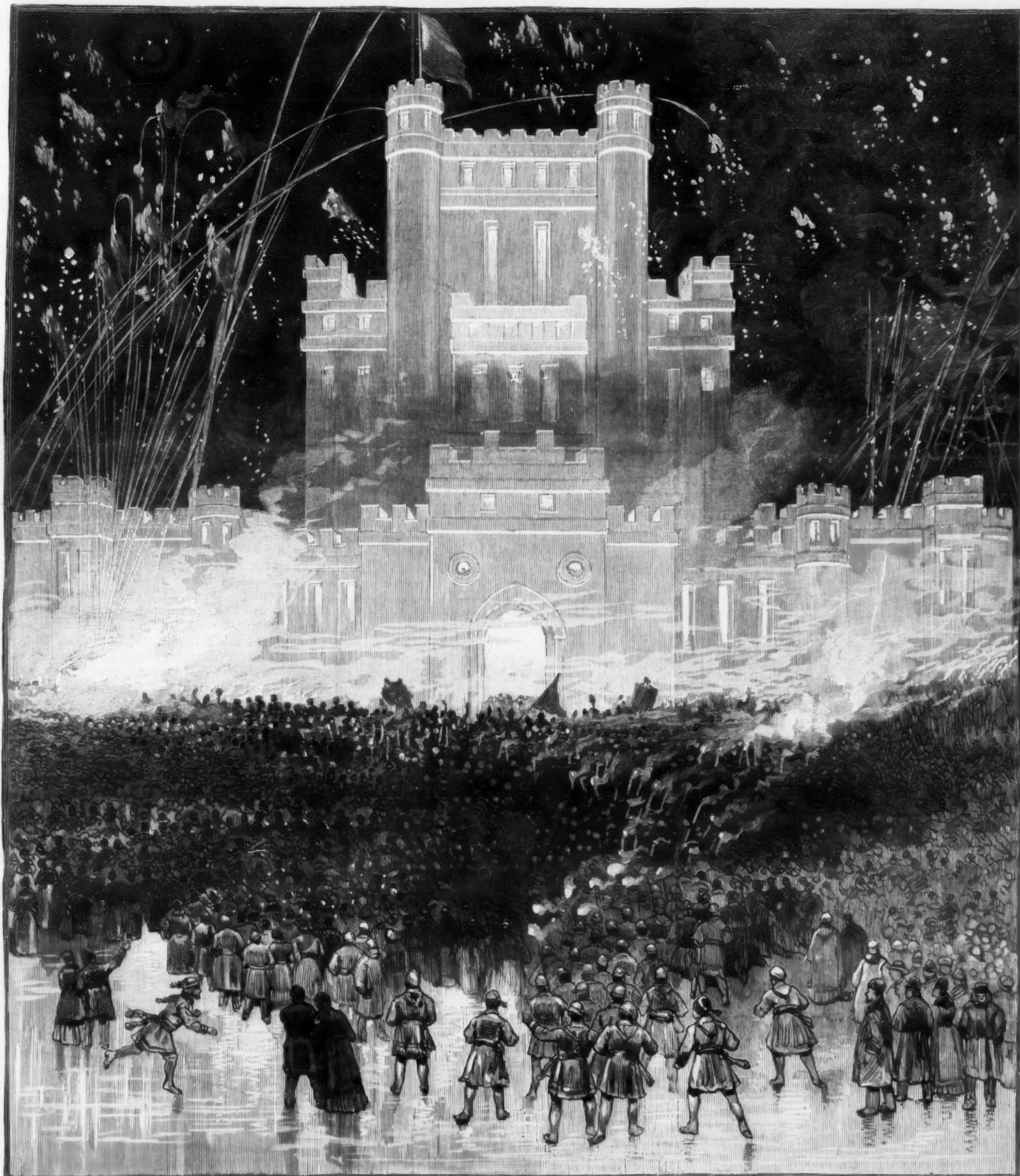


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MINNESOTA.—THE WINTER CARNIVAL SEASON AT ST. PAUL—STORMING THE ICE-PALACE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 422.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,**  
 53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
 Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.  
 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

#### COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

**T**HE Senate still delays the passage of the Electoral Count Bill, and is now discussing the addition of some unwise amendments. The wisdom of all modifications of this much-debated Bill can be best determined in the light of certain historical acts and constitutional principles, in a strict adherence to which alone can safety be found. It cannot be too often proclaimed that the choice of Presidential Electors is the act of a State. The Constitution declares that "each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct," such Electors; and in order to remove the election of President as far as possible from agents or officers of the United States, it prohibits Senators and Representatives by name, and all persons holding offices of trust or profit under the United States, from ever acting as Electors. The choice of Electors is hence under the direction of each State, and it is for the State, as such, to determine what selection it has made. When the State has spoken, the act of choosing Electors is complete. But if the voice of the State is uncertain—that is, if its Executive, State Returning Boards, or other agents through whom the State speaks, are divided, then the State Courts must step in and declare which parties to the pending controversy have the law on their side. The final voice of the State is the decree of the highest State Court.

So plainly do the words and acts of the men who made the Constitution imply that the choice of Electors, and hence of President, is left to the individual States, that the framers provided but one rather vague direction about the counting of the Electoral vote in the presence of Congress. The President of the Senate, the organic law says, shall open all the certificates, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, and the votes shall then be counted. The States themselves having decided according to the intention of the makers of the Constitution what votes were to be counted, it followed that the act of counting was a mere ministerial act, that could be performed as well by one officer as another. To count ministerially, as the framers intended, could be done obviously by one presiding officer better than by two debating legislative bodies. Hence we find the United States Senate, on the first day of its first session, electing John Langdon, President, *pro-tempore*, of that body, "solely for the purpose of counting the Electoral vote." Hence, also, we find that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson solemnly certify that this vote was counted by them; the latter declaring himself elected President of the United States.

But of late years all this has been changed, and we find Congress, like all legislative bodies, so enlarging its own powers and prerogatives as to practically take control of the Electoral Colleges of all the States. The members of the National Congress, instead of having nothing to do with the appointment of State Electors or the election of President and Vice-president, in the first instance, now have everything to do with such election. Congress not only assumes the authority to determine what votes shall or shall not be counted, but to decide whom each State has chosen as Electors, and to pass upon the value of their State credentials. It is but one short step further for Congress to reject Electoral votes enough to be able to declare that there has been no election by the people, and then proceed to elect a President itself. If either or both Houses of Congress can reject the certified votes of any State, the Electoral votes of all the States may be rejected. There is nowhere to stop when any tampering with the State Electoral Colleges begins. Of all the forms which centralization has assumed, this is the most dangerous. It is the destruction of the rights of States which the Constitution in express terms confers.

In so far, then, as the Edmunds Bill, with its numerous amendments, countenances the usurpations of power by Congress, or takes from the separate States of the Union the absolute and final determination of the questions as to who its Electors for President are and how they voted, it is clearly a constitutionally defective measure. But a measure which carries out the intention of that noble instrument leaves to the States themselves all problems concerning the votes of Presidential Electors which are vital, and leaves to the President of the Senate or to Congress the formal counting of a duly ascertained vote, which formal act can be performed by tellers, by the Secretary of the Senate, or by any officer or body that understands the rules of simple addition.

#### GLADSTONE'S CABINET.

**M**R. GLADSTONE has mastered the difficulties which confronted him, and formed a Cabinet which, if not as strong as it might be, may be said to represent with essential unity the varying elements of the party of which he is the leader. Of course there are some disappointments, but in the main the selections are the best possible under the circumstances. Lord Rosebery is substituted for Lord Granville in the Foreign Office, but the latter comes in as Colonial Secretary. Sir Charles Dilke

is, of course, left out, and it looks as if his public life were closed. Mr. Mundella crowds out Mr. Chamberlain; and the latter, thought to be the marplot of the Government, conspiring against his leader for the chief portfolio, is sent to the foot of the class, where he obsequiously appears in a small office on a small salary. John Morley becomes, not indeed Viceroy, but Chief Secretary for Ireland—a most significant appointment in view of the fact that he has been an ardent advocate of Ireland's legislative independence, that Parnell offered him a constituency in Ireland in case he should be defeated in his own, and that the Queen wept when she was constrained to accept his name.

What the exact compromise is to be between the insubordinate Whigs and Mr. Gladstone on his recently outlined Irish policy is as yet very misty and uncertain. But it is obvious that the sagacious Premier is headed towards the attainment of peace for Ireland through some sort of home government. This much his persistence and his peculiar Cabinet may be said to foreshadow: first, the suspension of evictions for an indefinite period, during the shaping of practical legislation; second, a home Legislature for the island; third, an agrarian measure in the shape of a land-purchase Bill to buy out Irish landlords with the proceeds of a new British loan, and the resale of the farms to the occupants "on easy terms."

Whether the new Government will be able to carry any or all of these measures is yet to be seen. It is certain that if it cannot, no Administration can now be formed which can.

#### FLORIDA LAND SWINDLES.

**T**HE State of Florida for ten years past has attracted a considerable amount of outside capital. Early investors made money in oranges and Winter hotels. The fame of Florida went abroad, and settlers and investors gathered in increasing numbers. With the great natural advantages of the State, a healthy growth and development could safely have been predicted. But this was altogether too slow for American ideas. The land speculator and town organizer undertook to stimulate the growing interest into a "boom." There has been a "boom" in Florida land for the last year or two. Companies have been organized for building railroads and hotels, for digging canals, and, most of all, for laying out town lots and orange groves. The swamps of the "Disston Purchase," and the malaria-breeding bogs of the Okechobee and Kissimmee, have become, on paper, the sites of thriving cities. Sandy barrens, producing nothing but "black-jacks" and "gophers," have been, on paper, covered with orange groves yielding thousands of dollars yearly. Scrub land, which was surprised to find itself bearing even a surveyor's stake, was pictured as an earthly paradise, in which the stake became hundreds of orange groves, and a tent or shanty a city with churches, opera-houses and colleges. Within the last six months staring pictures of these paradises have adorned the Northern Press, and reading matter of a tropical exuberance of diction has been circulated throughout this country and in England. "Corner lots for \$10," "Orange groves for \$100," "A competence in five years," "A fortune in ten"—these were some of the inducements put forward by the land sharks. The boom culminated. But even while full-page advertisements of Florida land companies were appearing in New York papers, there came the tragic story of the Sarasota Bay Colony, lured from Scotland and left sick and penniless to face starvation on worthless land. Other stories of like swindles followed. The bitter cold of early January in Florida gave the lie to the talk of speculators about the impossibility of frost. The New York Herald sent a correspondent through Florida, and has published letter after letter exposing some of the meanest land swindles known in this country since Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley came to grief in Eden.

Now the bubble has burst. The boom has collapsed, and the swindling land speculators have done Florida an injury which cannot be repaired for years. It is a familiar story, the old experience of mining booms, Western wheat-lands, cattle-ranching, Northwestern towns in which the future has been recklessly discounted and one legitimate venture made to bear the burden of a dozen swindling schemes. Florida's resources are undeniable. Amid the exposures of worthless schemes which the Herald has contained, there has now and then been a refreshing proof of sound confidence in the State's advantages, like the telegram from the Mayor of Orlando asking that the correspondent examine and describe that section also, since it would bear investigation. Nevertheless, in view of the fact that thousands, poor and rich alike, have sunk their money in Florida land swindles, it will be well for no one to invest without personal examination. Florida has a black eye at present; but if the State will banish all land speculators, and set about honestly developing her resources, her future will be prosperous.

#### THE TELEPHONE CONTROVERSY.

**T**HE House of Representatives, last week, directed an inquiry to be made concerning the expenditures incurred by the Government in the preliminary proceedings to test the validity of the Bell Telephone patent. This investigation has already been commenced, but it is

not likely to develop anything that is not already known. Much has been said as to the relations of the Attorney-general and other public officers to the Pan-Electric Company, and it is complained in some quarters that under the House resolution no investigation in this direction will be possible. There can certainly be no objection to such an inquiry if anybody desires it, and it would no doubt be favored both by the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney-general. Neither of these gentlemen, we imagine, has anything to fear from the fullest disclosures. It is true that Mr. Garland is a stockholder in an enterprise which seeks to establish its rights by the intervention of that department of the Government of which he is head; but it is to be remembered that the action taken by that department is taken not because he is a stockholder, but because official obligations require it to be done. So far as appears, Mr. Garland's course has been straightforward and upright throughout. There is no evidence that he has used his official position or influence in the slightest degree to promote the suit against the Bell Telephone Company. On the contrary, when application was made to him to bring suit, he promptly declined, because he happened to hold shares in the Pan-Electric Company. Then, it will be remembered, the whole matter was referred to the Secretary of the Interior, and he, after a hearing of all parties interested, decided that the facts presented required that a suit should be brought against the Bell Telephone Company to vacate and annul its patent. This is now the only real issue. The Pan-Electric matter is an incident, to be dealt with independently and on its merits. The Bell Telephone is a great monopoly. It rests upon a lawful foundation, or it does not. It is charged that Bell was not the inventor, and that his patent was obtained by fraud. If that is true, the Government has been deceived and the public has been plundered. Both the Government and the public have, therefore, a direct interest in a final and conclusive adjudication of the question. That question cannot be determined in any case now pending. It can be tested and settled only in a suit brought expressly for that purpose by the Government of the United States. That is what is now proposed. If Mr. Garland owned all the stock of the Pan-Electric, and of all other rival companies which might possibly be benefited by the annulment of the Bell patent, that fact would not in the least alter the duty of the Government in the premises. As to the Bell Company, it is clearly to its interest, if it is founded in law, to have that fact finally settled, and it is difficult to understand why it should not welcome a suit in which the fullest opportunity will be given to establish all its claims. The fact that it has not done so, but has resorted instead to a defamatory and vindictive crusade against the public officials who, in the course of duty, have been called upon to institute that suit, is, to say the least of it, suggestive.

#### A PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR NEW YORK.

**T**HE warm interest of scholars, librarians, and those whose lives are spent chiefly among books, has been aroused by the proposition to build and equip a Public Library in the City of New York, befitting metropolitan tastes, and answering the demands of a population that must ultimately embrace 5,000,000 of people. As a matter of course, a scheme which involves the outlay of \$750,000, the erection of a splendid Library edifice at the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, and the demolition of the old Reservoir, has invited controversy among those who assume to carry in their heads a recipe for the public weal whenever any attractive project is brought forward at the expense of the commonalty. These gentlemen, who generally advance their views in communications to the Press, show a great diversity of opinion. In the first place, there is the indignant taxpayer, who deprecates the prevalence of a sentiment that would heap burdens on the property-owner for the purpose of founding a luxurious lounging-place for the idle, lazy and purposeless classes of a great city like New York. Are there not enough of these places already? he shrieks, in hot and elaborate prose; and are we to have the Cooper Institute over again on a larger scale in the heart of the most aristocratic quarter of the metropolis? Then there are milder critics, and they seem to comprise in a large measure the librarians of the city, who with considerable unanimity are against the project as proposed, holding that any institution of the kind should consist of a series of smaller libraries, situated at convenient centres of population in the different wards, so that readers might have the collections close at hand. It must be admitted that there is much force in this proposition, and in carrying out the plan any intelligent Board of Directors would undoubtedly make provision for suitable branches, as proposed by the librarians themselves.

But whatever may be the discussion as to details, we believe there are few residents of New York who are not heartily in favor of such an institution, not only built for all time, but liberally endowed, and administered by a council and officers with practical heads, alive to the actual requirements of a polyglot community like this. Moreover, there is no library in New York, if we come down to bottom facts, worthy of this wealthy city, where there are so many students investigating such a vast variety of subjects, in all of the languages, living and dead. It is, therefore, pertinent to suggest that the Board of Managers should not comprise ornamental ex-presidents, popular politicians and mere lay-figures, but should have



for its personnel active, practical men, with an adequate number of clear-minded scholars, and, above all, a librarian or chief executive officer with energy and intelligence, assisted by a staff of specialists who in effect would act as efficient instructors to the public seeking its collections. Men are numerous in New York who could fill almost any departmental position in such an institution with high scholarship and pride, at a very reasonable compensation.

The indications are that the Library will become a fixed fact at this session of the Legislature. But there are also evidences that this project, like others, may be beset by politicians of the New York Aldermanic type, and provoke general disgust before its full fruition. It is, therefore, the duty of the Press to watch every stage of the progress of this legislation, and to see that it is clean in every particular. There is, also, a further impediment that might arise after the legislative authority is obtained—that is, the opposition of the property-owners about Reservoir Square; for these gentlemen, in times past, have resisted through the courts, on technical grounds, the removal of the unsightly Reservoir. Should the singular selfishness of these millionaires appear in organized effort to defeat the erection of the noble structure contemplated, on the ground that a great monument of learning might slightly impair their real-estate values, it would be a spectacle of which New York might well be ashamed, and which could find no counterpart in the history of the most penurious city of the Old World or the New.

#### IMPORTED TROUBLE.

SOME years since, the coke-burners of Pennsylvania, harried by their employes, always dissatisfied and wanting more wages than they got, sent to Europe and brought over, under written or oral contract, some thousands of ignorant Hungarians, under the pretext that domestic labor could not be obtained. The Hungarians were not long in learning the American trick of discontent—the spirit that underlies all high civilization—and from time to time they resorted to strikes, as their predecessors had done.

At present several thousand of them are idle, asking for ten per cent. advance, and resolved to fight or die rather than submit to their former wages. The result is tremendous loss and general distress, not only by the coke-burners themselves and their employers, but by the hundreds of factories which depend upon a supply of coke to keep in operation. In 1850 there were only four coke-works in the United States; now there are 19,557 ovens, and they roast 5,000,000 tons of coal a year.

The question suggested by the quarrel is whether it is ordinarily profitable for American manufacturers to import laborers from Europe on the presumption that they are cheap? If they be ignorant and stolid, will they not be likely to become factors of disorder, violence and crime, and swell the ranks of the reckless and vicious whenever fortune seems to set against them? Even for unskilled labor like coke-burning, which any man with hands can do, would it not be more profitable in the long run to employ men who feel some sense of their responsibility to society, and understand that the relations between employer and employed involve mutual obligations?

#### THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE Nineteenth Annual Exhibition of the American Water-color Society, like its predecessors, is in many ways attractive. The general effect of a collection of water-colors is so cheerful and pleasant, that the visitor is apt to be favorably impressed from the start; and to this fact is due in no slight degree the steady growth in public favor of this branch of pictorial art. Not only are the gayer aspects of nature, for the most part, selected by the landscape artist for portrayal in water-colors, but the figure-painter usually chooses for his work in this medium the more agreeable incidents and conditions of daily life. So the walls of the Academy wear quite a lively appearance during these Winter days, by reason of the eight hundred pictures now on view.

The most important works this season are the figure pieces. Of these, Mr. Henry E. Abbey's "The Old Song" is especially worthy of notice, from its tender sentiment and the simplicity and beauty of expression with which the subject is treated. Mr. W. M. Chase sends two large pictures; one, of a Spanish dancing-girl, and the other, of a young man and woman taking their ease in the garden of a house in Holland. Both of these show great mastery of method and of material, and are full of brightness and vigor. Mr. W. T. Smedley's buxom milkmaid, Mr. C. Y. Turner's agreeable young woman in blue, Mr. T. W. Thulstrup's stalwart trooper, and Mr. Walter Satterlee's "Net Mender," are all excellent. Of a more delicate character, both in subject and treatment, are Mr. F. S. Church's fanciful creations, especially his "White Peacocks"; Mr. E. H. Blasfield's beautiful nymph "At the Fountain," and Mr. Percy Moran's "Fantasy." The delicious color of Mr. Theodore Robinson's charming "Barbizon Peasant" gives to the work a singular fascination. In Mr. E. L. Henry's "On the Way South Fifty Years Ago" the visitor will find a good deal that is entertaining, as well as a remarkable dexterity of execution in depicting a stage-load of old-fashioned passengers. Detaille's large "Review of the French Army by General Canrobert," loaned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, shows the possibilities in this direction of painting in water-color, and is in every way admirable.

In the landscapes on view there is no falling off apparent from the best work of recent years, so far as the leading artists are concerned. Of commonplace painting there is naturally a good deal in so large a collection, but there is an abundance of what is admirable. Mr. R. M. Shurtloff's woodland scenes are as delightful as ever in color and sentiment, and in his "Marsh Lands" he has found a new subject with which to illustrate the glory and beauty of nature under peculiar aspects. Mr. Jervis McEntee's "November," and Mr. J. Francis Murphy's "The Mill Race," are full of feeling and tender sentiment; Mr. Henry Farrer sends two of the

best works he has yet shown in his peculiar vein; Mr. Swain Gifford's scene in Florida has the especial charm that pertains to his landscapes, and Mr. A. H. Wyant's poetic nature is shown in the single work he sends. Some of the younger men are also creditably represented, and show marked progress. Of these, Mr. Wm. Bliss Baker, Mr. H. W. Ranger and Mr. Charles A. Platt are especially noticeable.

The marine and coast scenes are as attractive as ever this season. Mr. H. P. Smith's "Off the Fastnet" is excellent in color and perspective, and Mr. Arthur Quartley's out-of-door sketches are highly effective. So too are Mr. J. C. Nicoll's coast scenes. An additional interest is given to the exhibition by the collection of the New York Etching Society, which occupies two of the galleries, and which is the most important display yet made by that organization. On the whole, it may be said that the work of both associations is eminently creditable and satisfactory.

#### SOME BUSINESS FACTS.

FIVE facts give a more favorable aspect to the business situation. First, the interest disbursements in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, on February 1st, reached a total of approximately \$15,000,000. Second, the Government has called in \$10,000,000 worth of its bonds; third, the demand for railroad bonds shows a large increase as compared with this time last year, showing that capital is becoming less timid; fourth, there is a prospect of harmony being restored among the trunk-line railroad companies, and also among the so-called coal roads. The coal companies sold 31,000,000 tons of coal last year, and it is expected that they will be able this year to dispose of fully this quantity, with a fair prospect of still larger sales in view of the fact that, whereas during the early part of 1885 very few furnaces were in operation, most of them are now running, and they are the largest consumers of anthracite coal. Fifth, the drygoods trade is in a more prosperous state, the transactions in woollens especially showing a notable increase. The cotton mills are doing a far better business than those of Manchester; they are running on full time, and are paying at least a moderate profit. There have been some export sales of wheat, but none of any great importance, and there is no prospect of a revival in our export wheat trade until much lower prices are reached, though Chicago speculators, one of whom once won \$3,000,000 in a huge wheat-gambling campaign, entertain a contrary opinion, and have bought large quantities for an expected advance.

The two spots on the commercial sun, so to speak, are the dullness of the foreign trade and the uncertainty concerning Congressional action on the silver question. By excessive coinage we are gradually depressing the price of silver, and this gives India, a silver country, the advantage over us in European markets. With every decline in silver bullion, European buyers are really enabled to secure wheat and cotton at a lower price in India, because the purchasing power of the rupee is correspondingly increased. As long as prices remain the same, the ignorant East Indian farmers think that they are getting the same value for their products as ever, though they are really getting less, by reason of the decreased purchasing power of their native money. The tendency therefore is to bring down prices in this country, but the opposition of speculators to any decline in the American markets still drives away trade that should be ours to East Indian marts. Thus, if our farmers insist upon an excessive coinage of silver, the effect is to lower the price of their own products, and take just so much money out of their own pockets.

Despite all drawbacks, however, the business outlook for 1886 is on the whole not unfavorable.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

REPRESENTATIVES of Turkey and Bulgaria have signed the agreement relative to the Bulgarian union. The treaty confirms Prince Alexander's appointment as permanent Governor, provides for mutual help to repel foreign invasion, and gives Turkey control over certain Mussulman villages in Roumelia. In other respects it is drawn up in accordance with provisions of the Berlin Treaty. The Porte supports Bulgaria's demand of a war indemnity from Serbia. The vessels of the European squadron having assembled in Suda Bay with the design of preventing an attack on Turkey by the Greeks, the latter have subsided into a reluctant submission. The Greek Government, however, in a note to the Powers, says that it considers any obstacle offered to the free disposal of the Hellenic forces "incompatible with Greek independence," and therefore declines responsibility for an eventual conflict.

Prince Bismarck's announcement of his relentless policy towards the Poles has produced general excitement throughout Germany and Austria. Of course, he has the support of conservative Germans, and some "addresses of sympathy" have reached him from Austria. The Austrian-German Club of Vienna, however, unanimously denounces the Chancellor's course; and it is rumored that two Polish members of the Austrian Cabinet will resign, in order to avoid being pressed by the Polish deputies to formally protest against the action relative to the Poles of Posen. The ill-wind has blown good to one class—namely, to proprietors of Polish estates in Prussia, who want to sell out. Prince Bismarck's declaration of his intention to pay fair rates for the lands he intends to recolonize serves to keep up prices, by assuring a market. The enforced sale is opportune for the proprietors of the immense Lubrinski estate, for example, which contains some 200,000 acres, and has been thrown on the market by the expulsion of the Poles, who furnished most of its tenantry.

From the text of the treaty between France and Madagascar, it appears that the alleged protectorate over the island, which served to bolster up the Brisson Cabinet until the re-election of M. Grévy, was never established, and France now waives all claim to it. Frenchmen are, however, to have certain commercial, legal and property rights in Madagascar, in return for which France is bound to assist the Queen of Madagascar in defending the country, and to supply military instructors, engineers, professors and artisans.

If, as now appears to be the case, Captain Crawford was slain deliberately by the Mexican troops and with the full knowledge of the character of his command, is it not about time that our neighbors on the borders were taught something of the sanctity of treaties and pacific agreements?

TARRYTOWN-ON-THE-HUDSON has scared up from one to three burglars every night for more than a fortnight past. The good citizens have shot at the bold marauders until the familiar landmarks of the place must be riddled with bullets; but they have not brought down anything. Two suspects were captured, but they escaped. The inhabitants of the old Dutch town believe that a band of determined robbers are bent upon securing all their portable treasures and heirlooms. But Tarrytown is famed as the haunt of troubled spirits and the nursery of superstitions. There

the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow rides, and the ghost of Major André lingers. The mysterious burglars appear to have little more tangibility than these incorrigible old ghostly vagrants. Tarrytown ought not to give way to new "crazes." All that is necessary is to bolt the outside doors, and close the cars against sensational rumors.

The House of Representatives passed, last week, the Dingley Shipping Bill, which provides for removing certain fees, charges and burdens on American vessels engaged in the inland and coastwise trade. The aggregate of the fees covered by the Bill is about \$300,000, of which \$150,000 go to customs officers. The Bill is, of course, only a step in the direction of liberating an important interest from onerous restraints, but it may open the way for something better.

THERE has been a lull in the fight between the President and the Senate, but it is expected that the struggle will be renewed during the present week. Two resolutions as to the general subject of the duty of the President to furnish information and papers affecting Government officers suspended or appointed were last week referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and a report will probably be presented from that Committee, as well as the Committee on Judiciary, which has had under consideration the refusal of Attorney-general Garland to supply certain information asked for. The latter committee, it is said, holds strongly that all papers relating to appointments or suspensions are part of the archives of the Government, and as such are for the information of the Legislature as well as the Executive.

THE Commissioner of the General Land Office has made the remarkable discovery that, through a legislative or clerical accident, the Indian title to 10,000,000 acres of land in Dakota has not been extinguished, though not less than twenty thousand people have moved in and settled the section. Ten million acres are a good deal of land—enough to make three States like Connecticut and have a million acres over. Now will a healing Act be passed by Congress, or will the money received from settlers be turned over to the Chippewas? The head of the Indian Bureau ought to look after these little things in a business-like way, for when Dakota comes into the Union, she may wait this patch of land. When the Dutch came to Manhattan Island, and wanted it, they took a regular deed and handed over the money—\$24.

THE contest in the Ohio Senate is likely to be settled by a compromise of the points at issue. A special committee of six Senators, three from each party, has been charged with the investigation of the alleged frauds in Cincinnati, with the understanding that all legal questions which may meanwhile arise shall be referred to two distinguished lawyers—the report of this committee to be made upon each of the four contested cases separately, thus securing the consideration of each upon its real merits. Pending the investigation, legislation will be resumed, all partisan questions being held in abeyance. The House Committee charged with an inquiry into the Cincinnati election irregularities are said to have elicited a large amount of testimony going to confirm the worst of the statements heretofore made, and the belief seems to be quite general that the Senate Committee will find ample evidence of the truth of the charge that the four Senators from Hamilton County, now occupying seats in the Legislature, were not legally elected.

THE toboggan has fairly supplemented the roller-skate, and we are likely to overdo that form of amusement just as we did the latter. Indeed, with slides springing up—or shooting down—from scores of hills, real and artificial, Winter will be scarcely long enough this season, though it should linger never so frigidly in the lap of belated Spring, to give all the increasing horde of toboggans a chance. But even now, before the healthful and fascinating craze has more than fairly got under headway, some evil-starred genius in Elmira, N. Y., has announced to an appalled and helpless public that he is perfecting a device whereby toboggans can be put on rollers for use after the season of ice and snow and thermometrical depression is past. The new danger demands prompt attention. Let it be suppressed ere it is too late. If there is nothing in the laws of the State of New York adequate to cope with the infernal ingenuity of this Elmira man, let the public rise, and for its own protection apply the heroic remedy of annihilation. In the language of General Dix: "If any inventor attempts to affix rollers to toboggans, shute him on the spot."

SENATOR CHACE of Rhode Island is, apparently, honestly and thoroughly in favor of a reform of the Civil Service. He has just proposed an Act supplementary to the present law, which, if passed, will entirely do away with the office-hunting feature of Senatorial life, and contribute largely to the completeness of the desired reforms. The Bill provides that no member or member-elect of Congress, and no officer or employee of either House, shall, directly or indirectly, solicit or recommend, or be concerned in soliciting or recommending, any one for office, the appointment of which is vested in the President, or in the head of any Executive department, branch or bureau; or shall sign, or indorse, or present, an application for the appointment of any person to such office. Violation of this provision is made a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of not exceeding \$1,000 and by disqualification for ever after from holding any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States. There are some Congressmen who will, of course, object to the prohibition proposed in this Act, but all who care more for the interests of the public service than they do for the petty "patronage" which they enjoy under the spoils system will give it their hearty support.

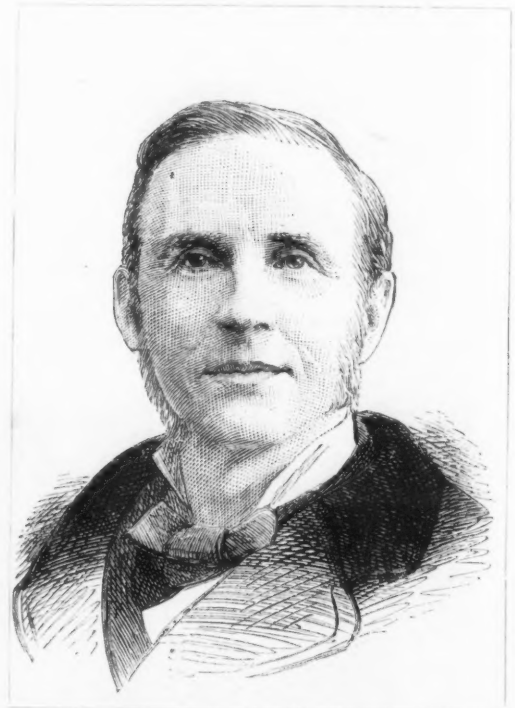
We have bemoaned the vanished days of Patrick Henry, and lamented the fact that Demosthenes and Daniel Webster were dead; but a sudden oratorical light has flashed like a colossal calcium upon the darkened world of oratory. Mills has appeared like a meteor. Mills of Texas. He recalls the glories of the past. He brings back to a commonplace Congress the verbal splendors of Preston Brooks, and a Wigfallian recklessness of metaphor and intrepidity of adjective. Wrought to the highest pitch of emotional eloquence by the fact that the United States Government has restricted the coinage of silver to \$2,000,000 a month, he likens this tyranny to that of the sanguinary Nero, who lighted his pathway with human torches; to Alva, who butchered the people of the Netherlands to gratify a bigot's hate; to the Russian Czar, who wiped Poland off the map of the world; and he calls attention to the fact that this Government is worse than any of them, for "phlegmatic Eastern avarice seeks to impale the whole country on the bed of torture in order to gratify its lust for gold." This luxurious orator cannot be one of the Mills of the gods—for he grinds exceeding coarse. But we are thankful that he is with us. We will put him on the list. And as for Demosthenes and the other ear-seducers and word-conjurors, henceforth they never will be missed—they never will be missed.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 422.



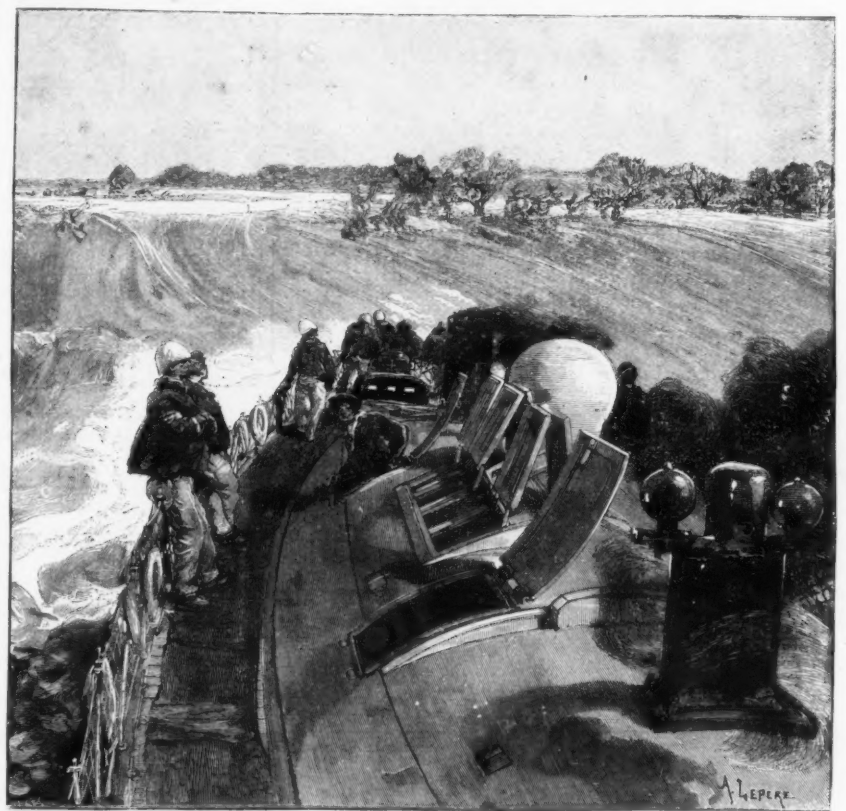
BURMAH.—CAPTURE OF MINHLA BY THE BRITISH, TWELVE DAYS BEFORE THE OCCUPATION OF MANDALAY.



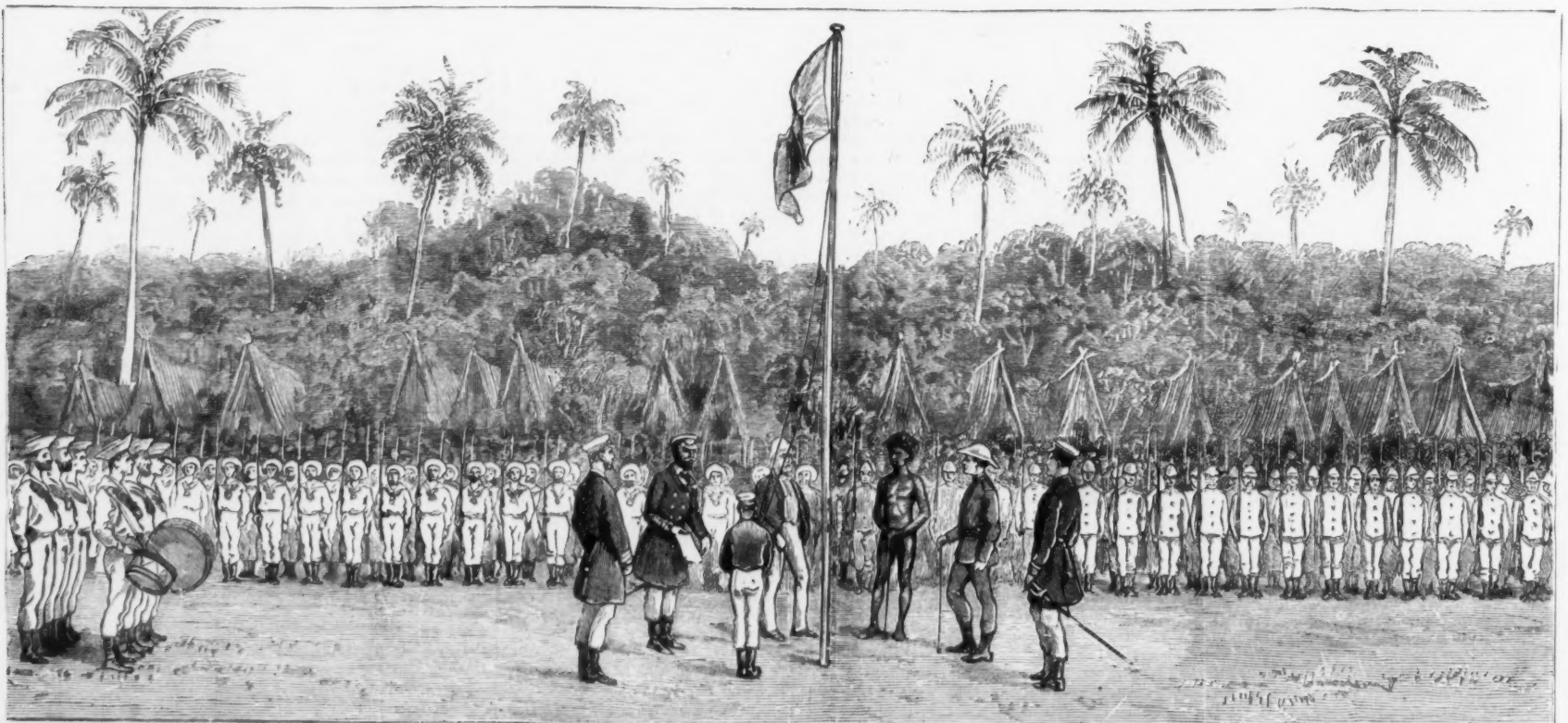
MR. JOHN MORLEY, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.



GREAT BRITAIN.—PERSONAL SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

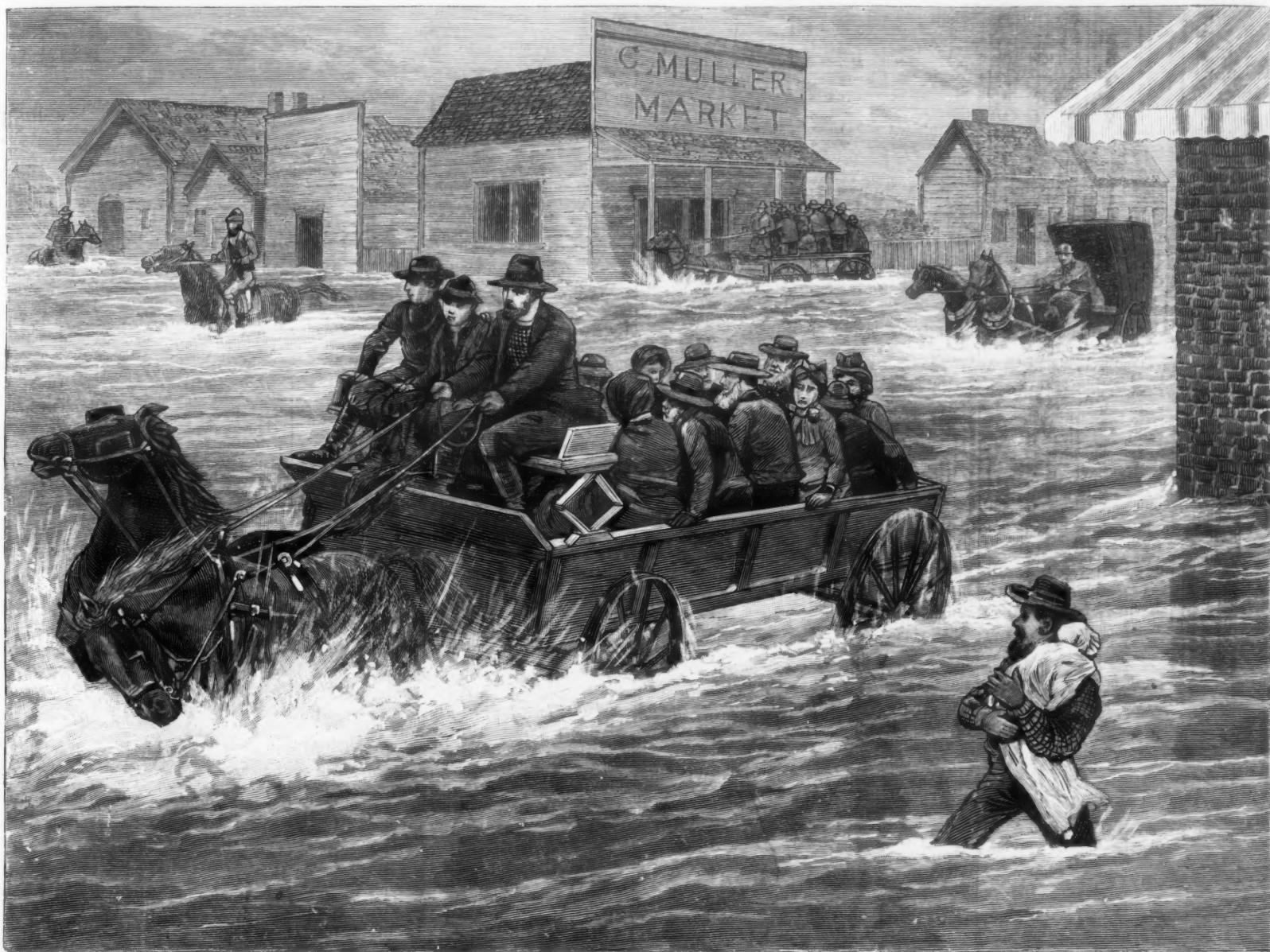


COCHIN CHINA.—A FRENCH TORPEDO-BOAT SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE MEKONG RIVER.



THE PROTECTORATE OF NEW GUINEA.—HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG AT AROMA.





CALIFORNIA.—SCENE CORNER OF ALAMEDA AND FIRST STREETS, LOS ANGELES, DURING ITS INUNDATION, JANUARY 19TH—WAGONS CARRYING CITIZENS FROM THE FLOODED DISTRICT.  
FROM A SKETCH BY E. L. MERRITT.

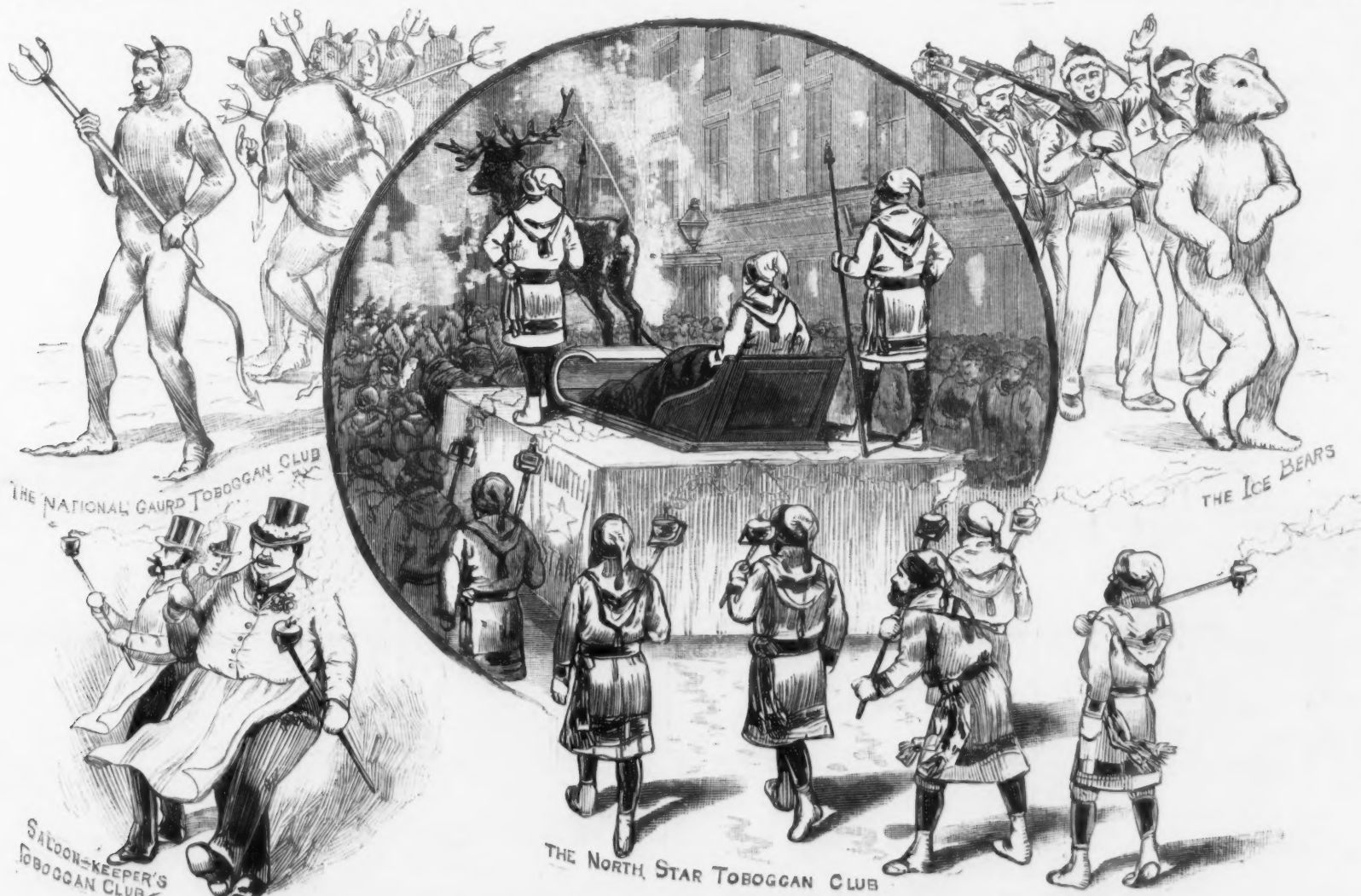
#### THE GREAT STORM IN CALIFORNIA. LOS ANGELES FLOODED.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., occupies a site favored by nature, being one of the fairest valleys of the Pacific coast, where vine, fig and orange flourish in almost tropic luxuriance. During the past month,

however, it has not escaped the stormy weather which has been so lavishly apportioned amongst the States. One of the wildest storms of wind and rain known in the town's history swept down on it on Monday, the 18th ult., and lasted during the greater part of two days. The Los Angeles River rose rapidly, and before daylight on Tues-

day morning had overflowed its banks and levées. Dwellings all along the river front were invaded by the water, and men, women and children only escaped by wading long distances. The flood continued to rise, and rushed in torrents down the streets. In some of the principal thoroughfares the water was from one to seven or eight feet

deep. Some twenty-five houses were destroyed or washed away bodily, besides a great many sheds, barns, and other outbuildings. The new station of the Los Angeles and San Gabriel Valley Railroad was among the structures carried down the river. The police and the fire department did good service in rescuing scores of people whose



MINNESOTA.—GRAND OPENING OF THE WINTER CARNIVAL SEASON AT ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY 1ST—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 422.



homes had been suddenly surrounded by the rushing flood. Despite their efforts, two men, one woman and a child were drowned. A horse-car, with the driver and one passenger on board, was crossing the East Angeles Bridge, when that structure went down with a crash into the river, carrying car, men and horses with it. The animals contrived to extricate themselves and swim ashore. The men floated down the current on the car, and were finally rescued with great difficulty.

#### THEIR TRIBUTE.

THE world had scorned him: to the wall  
Had turned his canvas; bent not to the call  
Of genius speaking clear  
And asking to be heard. Near  
Was a canvas on the easel-stand,  
A palette in the frozen hand,  
One night, when some one came,  
Swept by a sudden fear, to speak his name.  
The broken chair was in the old, old place,  
But on the silent, peaceful face  
Was no desire. The world—it bore him forth  
In state;  
Carved letters on the royal gate  
To speak his name,  
And wrote it on the scroll of fame  
In burning gold:  
But then, the broken heart was cold.

GEO. KLINGE.

#### A RED MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

BY NINA H. CLARK.

ONE April morning, while the sun was shining down in Silver City, Seleni and her father came slowly into town. There was snow still in the mountains—many feet of snow—but it had melted in the valley, and the wooden pavements of the little mining camp were as dry as though it were July. Over in Hallelujah Gulch a great strike had been made, and numbers of prospectors thronged the streets, and stood in groups at every corner. One rough miner turned and looked after Seleni and her father and the old hand-organ.

"This 'ere's a city now, boys!" he cried. "Look at the organ-grinder come to town."

"Give us a tune, old man!" called out a second miner.

"Let him alone, boys," said a third. "Don't you see he's blind?"

Seleni led her father down the narrow street and piloted him safely through the noisy crowd. As she turned a corner she spied an unpretending restaurant. "Dinner Fifty Cents," the sign read, and she paused before the open door.

"We'll go in and get some dinner, dad. I'm fearful hungry."

She led her father to one of the small tables, and he slipped the organ from his back. Then she drew an old bandana handkerchief from her pocket and untied one corner. A few ten-cent pieces and a little roll of nickels dropped out on the table.

"Got enough, Seleni?" asked her father, anxiously. His quick ear had caught the click of the coins.

"Lots," said Seleni, shortly. She hastily tied up the money, and going to the counter, ordered dinner for her father, and for herself—a bowl of mush and milk.

"I was pretty near starved," said the old organ-grinder, as he ate his roast beef with a relish. "Hain't the meat good, Seleni?"

"Bet your life!" answered Seleni, calmly, taking a sip of milk.

"And the tomat and the rice puddin'?"

"Yes, dad. Don't stop to talk."

Seleni soon finished her own simple dinner, and leaned back in the stiff wooden chair. Two miners near looked up admiringly. Seleni's eyes were large and black—as had been those of her Italian mother—who had died when she was born. Heavy braids of blue-black hair were wound around her head, and her cheeks and lips were crimson. Her old straw hat was tied down with a faded ribbon; her dark-blue dress was stained and shabby. She wore a blanket-shawl around her slender shoulders.

"We've had a splendid dinner, hain't we?" said her father, rising and taking the organ on his back.

Seleni paid the restaurant-keeper and tied up the few nickels that remained. Then she took her father's arm and led him to the corner of the street.

"We'll stop and play here, dad."

Her father patiently began to turn the crank of the old organ. Seleni stood beside him and eagerly scanned the faces of the passers-by. So few seemed to think the music worth paying for. A lady gave Seleni a ten-cent piece, and a miner carelessly tossed a quarter towards them. But their supper and a night's lodging were to be paid for, and so few nickels were left in the bandana handkerchief.

It grew late at last. The organ-grinder had played through all his tunes.

"You're tired, dad," said Seleni, as her father paused. "We'll go and find some place to sleep."

"We don't want no supper, do we, Seleni? We had such a hearty dinner."

"Yes, dad," said Seleni, faintly.

"And it was late, too," added the old man. "It must ha' been 'most one o'clock."

"Be you hungry again, dad?" asked Seleni, looking anxiously into his face.

"Not a mite," answered her father, cheerfully. "S'pose I play a little longer. Tain't dark yet, is it? Let's walk along."

They turned a corner and found themselves on a side street in a quiet neighborhood. There were lace curtains at the windows of some of the small cabins.

An open door gave a glimpse of a bright Brussels carpet. Suddenly a young girl appeared at a window, and raising the sash, carelessly tossed into the street a half-withered bouquet of hot-house flowers.

Seleni quickly glanced up at the lady, who was young and had fair hair. This much she remembered always.

The bouquet rolled to the young girl's feet, then stopped. She stooped and picked up the flowers. They were only a little faded; some of the roses were quite fresh and fragrant. It must have been a beautiful bouquet once. Why did the young lady throw it away so soon?

It grew towards seven o'clock. Seleni and her father had paused before a large hotel. The piazza in front was crowded with men. Some of them gazed at the girl, who stood so patiently beside the old organ. Her hat had slipped back and her black hair lay in rings on her smooth white forehead. Seleni did not know how pretty she was and why the men stared at her so. She knew that she was tired and hungry. She wished some one would toss them some money.

A young man came down the hotel-steps. He wore a blue flannel shirt, and his coat was quite as shabby as the one Seleni's father wore. He stood in front of the organ, with his hands in his pockets. For a few moments he did not speak, but seemed to be listening to the music. Then his eyes fell on the flowers.

"Where'd you get 'em?" he said, suddenly. "Found 'em," answered Seleni, quite as shortly. He came a step nearer and held out his hand.

"Let me see 'em."

But Seleni drew back hastily.

"Pay for 'em first. I'll sell 'em cheap."

He thrust his hand still deeper into his pocket, then tossed a silver dollar on top of the old organ. Then he took the flowers, and studied them intently as he turned the bouquet around.

"Tell me where you got 'em?" he asked, pleadingly.

"Found 'em," Seleni said again. "A lady throwed 'em out the window."

The young man said something under his breath, then turned and walked away. Seleni had seen the color come to his face and a hurt look in his eyes. As she looked after him he gave the bouquet a toss, and it fell in the muddy street, only to be crushed the next instant by the wheels of a passing wagon.

"Hain't there enough money yet?" asked her father, touching her arm.

"Yes, dad," she answered. "We'll go and get some supper, and then we'll find a place to sleep."

The little parlor of Mrs. Murphy's lodging-house was crowded with miners that evening. Seleni left her father seated contentedly in a corner, and stole out of the front door. She was so used to an outdoor life, that she felt suffocated in a small, close room.

Some one sat on the lower step, with his head in his hands. He looked up and saw Seleni, as she stood hesitatingly in the doorway.

"Don't be afeared," he said, kindly.

It was the young man who had bought the flowers.

Seleni sank down on the steps, and drew her old blanket-shawl still closer around her.

"It's cold out here," said the young man. "Mebbe you'd better go in."

"I hain't cold," answered Seleni. "I'm most always outdoors."

"Where'd you say you found the posies?" he asked, suddenly raising his head.

"A young lady throwed 'em out. She had yeller hair. It was a house with white curtains at the windows. I didn't set no price on the flowers," she added, hastily. "You needn't have paid so much for 'em."

"I hain't complainin' of the price," said the young fellow. "They cost me a pile, to begin with."

"Did you give 'em to her?" asked Seleni, curiously.

"Yes," he answered, shortly; "more fool, too!"

"They was faded," remarked Seleni, consolingly.

"Yes," he said, bitterly. "She'd had 'em twelve hours."

His head dropped on his hands again.

"I wouldn't care," said Seleni, softly.

The young man glanced at her. Seleni's eyes were soft with sympathy; she looked so fair in the moonlight.

"How old be you?" he asked, abruptly.

"Seventeen," she replied, wonderingly.

"And you travel around with your father?"

"Yes," said Seleni. "Dad likes to travel. He won't let me do nothin'." she added, proudly. "He says he reckons he can support me."

"Can you write?" looking eagerly into her pretty face.

"Considerable," answered Seleni. "I was to public school once."

"I hain't got no education," said the young man sadly; "and I want to get a letter writ."

"I'll do it," offered Seleni, eagerly.

"Will you, now?" and the young fellow sprang up. "Come on into the kitchen. There's never nobody there."

In a few minutes he had brought Seleni a sheet of paper and pen and ink. They were alone in the little kitchen that was scarcely more than a shed, and the girl seated herself at the pine table.

"Begin 'Darlin' Lizzie,'" said the young man, leaning anxiously over her shoulder.

In a cramped hand, and very slowly, Seleni wrote: "Darling Lizzie."

"Tell her I love her!" he burst out. "Tell her I'm goin' over to Red Mountain to-morrow, but she can write to me. Jim Conroy'll read me her letter. She needn't say nothin' but Yes or No. Got it all down?"

"Pretty near," said Seleni. "You told me such an awful lot." She was handling the pen awkwardly.

A bright color had come to the young man's cheeks. His hair was light, almost golden, just the color of the young lady's, Seleni thought. She glanced down at the letter. Would Darling Lizzie say Yes, or No?

"Got done?" said her new friend. "I'll take it over to the post-office."

He sealed the envelope carefully and put it tenderly in his pocket. Then he held out his bronzed hand.

"Good-by. I'm much obliged to you. If I don't never see you again, I wish you good luck."

As he passed Seleni's chair, a silver dollar dropped into her lap.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next April Seleni and her father found themselves once more crossing Red Mountain on their way to Silver City. Seleni had grown a little taller, but she looked much the same. Her dress was still shabby, and a forlorn felt hat replaced the old black straw. But her lips and cheeks were crimson with exercise and health. As they came into view of the town, they passed a group of miners who were out prospecting. One of them shaded his eyes with his hands, and looked long at Seleni.

"Give us a tune!" he called out to the organ-grinder, and the old man obediently set down his organ and began to turn the crank.

Then the young miner came slowly towards Seleni and held out his hand. The girl knew him at a glance, and her black eyes grew bright with pleasure.

"I didn't git no answer," he whispered.

Seleni looked sorry; then a curious gladness came to her eyes.

"Hain't you seen her?" she asked.

"No," answered the young man; "she don't live here no more."

"I'm sorry," said the girl; "I writ it plain."

"Twasn't your fault."

Then he looked at her admiringly.

"S'pose I come to see you to-night?"

The old organ-grinder took up his burden again, and as they moved away, Seleni smiled over her shoulder at the young man with fair hair who looked after her as he leaned lightly on his pick.

A month later the priest at Silver City married them.

Seleni was very happy in her new home. There were no lace curtains at the cabin-windows, for her husband was but a poor prospector, with only his youth and hope. Her father still played the old organ, but he kept near home that Seleni might see him as she glanced up from her work.

One evening, during the Winter, Seleni's husband came home, and as he seated himself by the stove, drew a yellow envelope from his pocket. It was old and worn by much handling, and bore numerous post-marks.

"What is it?" asked Seleni, quickly.

"An old letter for me," answered her husband. "They said it had bin follerin' me 'round everywhere. I hain't bin in one place long the last year. I guess it ain't much good now. S'pose you read it."

Seleni took the letter and tore open the envelope. There were only a few lines.

It began, "Darlin' Jim," and was signed, "Your own Lizzie." It stated that the writer would marry him any time.

"Don't look so!" cried her husband, as Seleni grew deadly white. She did not speak, but stood perfectly still with the letter clutched in her hand. But her husband threw his strong arms around her.

"I'm glad I didn't git it!" he cried. "Don't you know I love you best? Nobody can't take your place now!"

#### ST. PAUL'S ICE CARNIVAL.

ST. PAUL'S superb ice-palace, of which an illustration has already been given in this paper, was formally opened on the 1st inst., according to the programme previously announced. The great expectations concerning it were more than realized. The rearing of the crystal castle had been favored by steady cold, and it loomed up as solid and symmetrical as if it had been carved out of a stranded iceberg. In the matter of low temperature, the weather was, if anything, too accommodating; for on the night of the celebration the thermometer was down to 14° below zero. Nevertheless, the whole population of the city turned out to view the parade and illuminations, and thousands of strangers swelled the throng. They were well repaid for braving Boreas. The local and visiting organizations of tobogganists, skaters and snowshoers, numbering collectively 5,000 persons, formed a grand torchlight procession, which moved through the principal streets amidst a blaze of fireworks and under a cloud of brilliant banners. The varied and fantastic costumes of the different clubs produced most striking effects of color. There were characteristic "floats" in the line, and several sleigh-loads of feminine devotees of Winter sports lent an additional charm. Procession and spectators, in due time, brought up at the ice-castle, and "stormed" it with roman candles and colored fire. The spectacle was wonderfully beautiful, and unlike anything ever seen before in the United States. Mr. George R. Finch, President of the Winter Carnival Association, formally presented the structure to the City of St. Paul, on behalf of whose citizens Mayor Rice accepted it with an appropriate speech.

With this opening of the ice-castle was inaugurated a season of games, entertainments, receptions, balls, masquerades, and Winter sports generally, which will make the Minnesota capital famous, and probably become a regular feature of recurring seasons in the future.

#### MOURNING OBSERVANCES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

WE are enabled to publish a striking and accurate picture of the impressive observances held by the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, at the Masonic Temple, New York city, on the evening of the 30th ult. The occasion of this unique ceremony was the death of the renowned Ali-Mahmoud Pasha el Falaki, a Past Potentate of the Order, which occurred at Cairo, Egypt, on the 29th of November last—or, according to the Mohammedan reckoning, the 21st day of the month Safar, 1303 A. H. The New York branch of the ancient and mystic Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine is known as the Mecca Temple. Its chief officers are: Dr. Walter M. Fleming, Grand Potentate,

tate, and head of the United States Imperial Council of the Order; Joseph B. Eakins, Director; and William S. Paterson, Recorder. Its "Imperial Interpreter" is Albert L. Rawson, LL.D., the distinguished Oriental scholar, and the only American who has ever succeeded in penetrating to the Mohammedan Holy of Holies at Mecca. Due notice, couched in an Eastern exuberance of phrase, had been given to the Nobles of the Mecca Temple, that, on the date specified, they were expected to participate in the "ritualistic esoteric memorial observances" set apart in honor of "our departed Brother, the Director of the Bektasheeyeh, Honorary Member of the Sons of Alee, affiliate of the Order of the Pillar of Faith, Professor at College El Azhar, Pensioner of the Ancient Foundation for Learned Men, Fellow of Society of Ancient Archaeologists, Member of Khedivial Academy, the Learned Doctor in Ancient and Sacred Law, the favored of Heaven."

Everything was done to give splendor to the ceremonial in the Masonic Temple. Behind the altar, which was draped with a rich pall, an Egyptian tomb had been erected. In front rested a coffin on a bier. On the lid of the former were laid the purple regalia and scimitar of a Past Potentate of the Order. Vases with emblematical flowers, and the deadly nightshade, stood in their appropriate places. The Grand Potentate wore a purple velvet robe, trimmed with gold braid, a sash of cloth-of-gold, and a high silken turban with a jeweled crescent on top. He carried a sceptre in his hand, and wore on his left breast the large sun-shaped badge of his office. The other officers were clad in garments of more or less gorgeousness, and the body of undistinguished nobles wore black gowns and Turkish fezes. The rites, which were long and elaborate, consisted chiefly of readings from the Koran and the book called "Pearls of Faith," interspersed with solemn music, the burning of incense, and other symbolical exercises peculiar to the Order. Similar observances were held by the Meccah Temple of Chicago. The occasion was one of great interest, and we believe the mourning ceremonial has never heretofore been illustrated in such detail as our artist furnishes.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### CAPTURE OF MINH LA.

The capture of the fortress and town of Minh La, on the Irrawaddy River, was the most important military action in which General Prendergast's troops were engaged in their advance upon Mandalay. It occurred twelve days before the occupation of King Thebaw's capital by the British. The Eleventh Bengal Native Infantry and the Twelfth Madras Native Infantry stormed the Burmese defenses. The stockade west of the town was captured by a rush, and the Governor's Palace, immediately beyond it, was taken and burnt. The troops then advanced upon the town, after some sharp fighting in the jungles around it. Shells from the boats on the river having fired some of the bamboo houses, the conflagration spread, and the greater part of the town was burned. The fort itself had been abandoned, so that no assault had to be delivered. The British casualties were slight, and those of the natives are not recorded.

##### THE NEW BRITISH CABINET.

Mr. Gladstone's new Cabinet, as officially announced, is as follows: Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury; Sir Farrer Herschell, Lord High Chancellor; Earl Spencer, Lord President of the Council; Mr. H. C. H. Childers, Home Secretary; the Earl of Rosebery, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Earl Granville, Secretary for the Colonies; the Earl of Kimberley, Secretary for India; Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary for War; Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Marquis of Ripon, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. J. C. Chamberlain, President of the Local Government Board; Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland; Mr. A. J. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Most of the members will be recognized as having served under Mr. Gladstone before, this being his third Cabinet. Among the strongest of the men whom he has newly chosen for his advisers are Mr. Morley, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Mundella. All three are well-known as writers. Mr. Morley, whose portrait we publish, is new to ministerial service, and only entered Parliament three years ago. His career has been literary and journalistic, rather than political. He wrote biographies of Cobden, Burke and Voltaire, and edited *The Free Press*, *Pall Mall Gazette* (before Mr. Stead) and *Macmillan*. His views on all subjects are distinctly radical. He is an openly avowed advocate of Irish Home Rule, and in view of his recent utterances on that subject, his appointment by Mr. Gladstone to the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland has unmistakable significance.

##### PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.

The group of Parliamentary sketches hits off to the life a number of prominent and interesting personages as they appeared at the recent opening of the session. The explanatory legends are almost superfluous; for the personal appearance of such men as the Premier, Lord Hartington, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Bigger, and the others, together with the big wig which overwhelms the individuality of the Speaker, are familiar to all the world, in these days of illustrated journalism; and the sketches are highly characteristic.

##### A FRENCH TORPEDO-BOAT IN THE MEKONG RAPIDS.

An achievement of great importance to the interests of the French colony of Cochinchina was the recent successful navigation of the Préa-Patung Rapids, in the Mekong or Cambodia River, by a torpedo-boat sent to China during the hostilities. These rapids are near the frontier of the native province of Laos, and formed the only serious obstacle, so far as is known, to the navigation of the river, which is the chief watercourse of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula. The French explorers having now demonstrated that the passage of these rapids is not impracticable, even to vessels of moderate speed, great hopes are entertained that the commerce of the peninsula, which at present is almost monopolized by Bangkok, will eventually be diverted by the Mekong route to Saigon.

##### THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE OF NEW GUINEA.

British rule in New Guinea was first proclaimed by Commodore Erskine in November, 1884. Last year an expedition commanded by General Sir Peter Scratchley (late deceased) visited the territory for the purpose of discovering and opening up its resources; and on the 30th of October, 1885, the British flag was formally hoisted at the native town of Maopo, the capital of the province



of Aroma. The ceremony was very striking. Dressed in spotless white, the sailors and marines of the two English men-of-war were drawn up in line, the officers in undress uniforms of blue and gold. Around the tall flagstaff which had been erected stood the Special Commissioner, General Sir Peter Scratchley, Captain Clayton, R. N., the General Staff, and the native chief. In one dense circle round sat some 3,000 natives. The quaintly peaked village houses formed the background, over which waved the towering palm-trees which rose from the luxuriant green forest behind. After an impressive speech, addressed to the chief and his people, delivered by Captain Clayton through the interpretation of Mr. Chalmers, the missionary, the Union Jack was hoisted, volleys were fired, H.M.S. *Diamond* gave a Royal salute of twenty-one guns, and the band struck up "God Save the Queen." New Guinea contains an amount of territory equal to France and England combined, and is said to be rich and fertile.

#### PROSPECTING IN THE ROCKIES.

WHILE the gold-fever is not just at present epidemic, the prospector is still abroad in many a gulch and cañon and torrent's mouth in the heart of the treasure-bearing Rockies. The adventurous spirit finds an intense fascination in these wild, lonely mountains, which continually offer the chance of discovering a vein of yellow-flecked quartz, or precious silver ore, by some lucky stroke of the pickaxe. By such hazard the riches of the Black Hills were revealed; and so, too, sprung the fallacious hopes which brought an eager crowd, as if by magic, to the far, almost inaccessible fastnesses of Cœur d'Alene.

In such a life, danger and romance are closely mingled. It is not yet entirely safe to invade the old hunting-grounds of the Indian; and that other terror of the Rocky Mountains, the grizzly bear, is by no means extinct. Dramas of action more thrilling than ever get into the conventional "bear story" are performed without spectators, when the path of the prospector chances unexpectedly to cross that of the formidable *Ursus ferox*, the true monarch of the foothills. A steady hand glides backward with instinctive promptness, and grasps the ever-ready revolver, forefinger on trigger. The chances are that Bruin will not succumb to pistol-balls, however well-aimed; and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, with bowie-knife and claws, has to be fought out before the grizzly—or the man—is finished. Any one who has looked upon the truly grisly form and three-inch claws of this monster will feel the excitement of the situation which the artist has graphically represented.

#### SUPERFINE ENGLISH.

It is the Nemesis of pedantry to be always wrong. Your true prig of a pedant goes immensely out of his way to be vastly more correct than other people, and succeeds in the end in being vastly more ungrammatical, or vastly more illogical, or both at once. The common pronunciation, the common idiom, the common meaning attached to a word, are not nearly good enough or fine enough for him; he must try to get at the original sound, at the strict construction, at the true sense—and he always manages to blunder upon something far worse than the slight error, if error it be, which he attempts to avoid in his superlative correctness. There are people so fastidious that instead of saying "camelia," the form practically sanctified by usage and by Dumas fils (for even Dumas fils can sanctify), they must needs say "camella," a monstrous hybrid, the true but now somewhat pedantic "Latin" name being really "camellia." There are some people so learned that, instead of talking about Alfred the Great like all the rest of us, they must needs talk about Ælfred, and then pronounce the word as though the first half of it had something or other to do with eels, whereas the true Anglo-Saxon sound thus clumsily expressed is simply and solely the common Alfred. There are people so grammatical that they must needs dispute "against" their opponent instead of disputing with him, in complete ignorance of the fact that the word "with" itself means "against" in the early forms of the English language, and still retains that meaning now in "withstand," "withhold," "withdraw," and half a dozen other familiar expressions. To such good people one is tempted to answer, in the immortal words of Dr. Parr to the inquirer who asked that great scholar whether the right pronunciation was Samaria or Samaria, "You may say Tharmaria if you like, but Tharmaria it's quite good enough for me."

#### CONTRASTS OF LIFE IN TEXAS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Sun* gives this picture of things in Texas: "Vivid contrasts meet you on every side, arising from the varied elements of the population. Of course the English or Anglo-American race is predominant. The Germans are numerically second, the Spanish or Mexicans third, and the Bohemians fourth. So well represented are the three nationalities last named that the Governor's message and State laws are printed in four languages, in about this ratio: 30,000 copies in English, 10,000 copies in German, 5,000 each in Spanish and Bohemian. Hence four tongues are legally recognized, and there are four distinct styles of living to be studied on the soil. Add to these the Dagoes, an entirely separate nationality. They are Italians and Minorcans, who are almost exclusively engaged in fishing and in the oyster and fruit trade. They make a strange jargon out of our vernacular, totally dissimilar, but quite as queer as the pigeon English of the Chinese. These last, sparsely represented, confine themselves to the occupation of laundering, with the exception of a few laborers on the railroads.

The Mexicans scattered throughout the towns are thrifty and industrious, and generally quiet and well-behaved. They can live on a mere pittance, and are contented as long as they can have their cigarettes and coffee. Many of them earn their living by making and selling 'Tamales' and 'Chile con carne,' two modes of preparing meat which are appetizing in the extreme. They manufacture, too, a delicious candy—'Nueces dulces'—out of pecans and sugar, which they sell upon the streets and from door to door. Their homes and habits are rich in the picturesque, and would present some rare subjects for the painter's art. The old Dutch masters would have loved to perpetuate this scene: A low-roofed wooden shanty, a bare pine table, and long bench, on which sit three noted politicians, taking an evening lunch and concocting plans for the dear people's benefit! One is fair-skinned and ruddy-haired, showing his Irish blood; one a typical American, the third

a French-Canadian. Each has a steaming platter of 'Chile con carne.' Behind him stands the Mexican host—tall, dark, dignified and grave, yet watchful. They are four perfectly contrasting types. Over them flicker the dim rays cast by an oil lamp, deepening the shadows, throwing half-lights into the obscurity of the corners. A tiny hairless Mexican dog sits motionless on the doorstep, while the sign, written in both English and Spanish, swings creaking above his head. Outside, the darkness is pierced by long shafts of colored light that stream through the stained windows of the Jewish temple and by the pale glimmer of a lamp in the street-car waiting at a switch.

#### THE DRESS-COAT A DISTURBER.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes: "The dress-coat is getting to be more and more a disturbing element. It came to the fore recently in a most annoying but very amusing instance of mistaken identity. It happened at a large party, and is best told by the hostess herself. 'It was something dreadful. You cannot imagine my mortification,' she said, with flushed cheeks, but eyes brimful of merriment, as she recalled the ludicrous scene. 'I suppose I made the awful blunder all through my nervous desire to have things just right that evening, for I knew the house would be full of guests. Demonet had charge of the supper-room and the dancing-rooms up-stairs. It was early, so I slipped away from the drawing-room and went to take a last satisfied look up-stairs. Turning to go down, I met a person who bowed with a great deal of manner, I thought, and even smiled a recognition. I was surprised, but, of course, returned his salutation, and added the passing remark, 'I hope the guests will be well served this evening. Please have the tables look nice.' He looked puzzled, and not making any reply, I continued: 'Oh, I presume you are to look after the rooms up here.' There was then such an expression of amused astonishment in his face, that in an instant it flashed over me that he was not a waiter, and the next instant his name came to my mind. Good heavens! had the door opened and swallowed me out of sight it would have been a boon. I get faint when I think of mistaking my husband's friend for a waiter. He laughed, so that I rallied and said: 'My dear Mr. Blank, can you forgive me? But Demonet's men are so handsome and so gentlemanly, and, oh! these dress-coats make no distinction at all.' Then I asked him to give me his arm, and we went down together. But, my dear, if I live a thousand years I'll never forget that terrible mistake. Something certainly must be done about the dress-coat. Some of the waiters are so well in their good clothes and manners that there's no knowing them from gentlemen sometimes. If some man of influence could only start in with the knee-breeches, I believe there would be a revolution, and the dress-coat put down or relegated exclusively to waiters. Who knows how soon I shall err in the other direction, and apologize to a waiter for calling him a gentleman. In Washington they are so much alike, you know."

#### A CLOCK FOR AGES TO COME.

A CURIOUS and complicated clock, which its owner, a mild little German, terms "The Great World Clock, or the Ten-thousand-year Time Indicator," is on exhibition in New York city. It was the work of Christian Martin, a Bavarian, who spent twenty years in constructing its mechanical devices. It is in the form of a house ten feet in height and width, on the roof of which stands a stuffed rooster, who crows lustily at six and twelve o'clock as the Twelve Apostles pass in review beneath him. Into the front of the house are set a number of dials, showing measurements of time, and eighteen recesses holding one hundred and twenty-two figures, six inches in height. The figures represent, among other things, Christ and the Twelve Apostles, the four generations, death, the guardian angel, the bell-ringer and the old man, the seven images of heathen gods, the signs of the zodiac, and the four seasons. Each figure has a part to play in the revolutions of time. Christ blesses the moving Apostles, the old man sinks to his knees in prayer when the bell-ringer strikes the hour of devotion, death appears as the old man retires, a sign of the zodiac shows itself every month, the four generations present themselves in turn on the quarters of hours, and the seasons change four times a year. Every year and leap year is marked in order, and the mechanism is arranged for a record of 10,000 years. The clock has 265 wheels, and is worked by one pendulum and twelve weights.

#### WASHINGTON DROMIOS.

THERE are six pairs of Dromios in Washington this Winter, and the curious mistakes which are daily occurring are the gossip of society and the hotels. Tom Reed, the leader of the Republican side of the House, has a counterpart in the leading photographer of Washington, and the joke of it is that the general air and the voices of the two are precisely alike. The other night Stanley Matthews and a fellow-Congressman of Reed's saw this photographer at the theatre, and took him for Reed. They went over to him and addressed him, but he knew nothing of the subjects upon which they asked to be posted, and it was some time before they discovered they were interviewing the wrong man. Two other Dromios are Wellborn, of Texas, and the frowsy-headed fellow who writes cards in the lobby of the House. Wellborn has been taken for the card-writer time and again, and he grows angry, it is said, every time such a mistake occurs. The likeness of Gay, the sugar millionaire of Louisiana, to Senator Sherman, is very striking, and Cleveland and Manning are sometimes taken for one another. There are stories of how O'Donnell, of Michigan, has been mixed up time and again with Assistant Postmaster-general Stevenson, and there is an ex-member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in Washington who is noted for having sold his railroad pass for an overcoat, who looks exactly like the angular objector, Holman, of Indiana.

#### THE SCAVENGERS OF MANDALAY.

AN English correspondent writes: "A few water-courses run through the town of Mandalay, in Burmah, and these were not as clean as they might have been. But there was not much chance for any garbage to remain long undisposed of, for the place was invested by an army of pigs—little black rascals, but few degrees removed from wildness, and only too delighted to fight on the least provocation. These swine were protected by Govern-

ment, and one would have as soon killed a human being as one of them. Where they lived I never could find out, but suppose they led an almost precisely similar existence to that of the dogs of Constantinople. Of the two, I would rather have the pigs by far; for, in the first instance, they did not make hideous noises at any period of the twenty-four hours, consequently did not make one's night sleepless, and—in return, I presume, for being let alone themselves—they never interfered with anybody. Their own affairs appeared to take up a great deal of their time, for one thing, and when a fight was once started it was not concluded in a hurry, and when it was over, the combatants were scarcely in a state to trouble any one else on that day. But the pluck of a boar is proverbial.

"What the swine did not touch the vultures soon cleared away. In our youthful menagerie-haunting days we think how splendid it must be to see such birds as this in their native haunts. When one has been to Mandalay one thinks considerably less of vultures than one does of barn-door fowls. I have passed so close to a group of vultures feeding on the carcass of a dog (on one occasion upon the remains of a pig—cause of death a mystery), that I could have kicked them, and they have not desisted for a moment from their foul banquet. Having been present at one of these feasts, the desire to be witness of a second is so small that one turns a corner in preference to passing the orgie. Two or three of the strongest birds are at work upon the carcass, and the weaker ones sit dejectedly as close by as they dare, awaiting their turn, which, very probably, may never come.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

AN excellent quality of paper has been made from the pulp of bananas.

THE yield of amber in the Smaland Peninsula, East Prussia, is valued at about \$125,000 annually, and is steadily increasing.

THIRTY-SEVEN miles of railroad with steel sleepers are soon to be laid under the auspices of the Belgian Railroad Commission.

THE destruction of 65,000 elephants every year is required to supply the 1,875,000 pounds of ivory annually exported from Africa.

ACCORDING to the latest official figures, the number of workingwomen in England and Wales is 7,706,545. They are employed in 280 different branches of work.

IN Japan, wealthy owners of cats have a high respect for them even when they are dead. In Yeddo, at a recent cat's funeral, the coffin was covered with a white silk pall.

THE total receipts of the New York State Board of Charities for last year were \$12,453,311.04, and the expenditures, \$11,538,739.86. During the year 175,726 poor and afflicted persons were relieved.

EXCAVATIONS made by the English at Tel-el-Kebir, in Egypt, since the battle fought there, have brought to light the remains of a city and traces of the bricks without straw with which the Israelites were obliged to build during their bondage in Egypt.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's wealth is placed at \$60,000 by one who ought to know him well. This money was made out of his law practice and his fees while Sheriff of Erie County. At one time he was worth \$80,000, but his three campaigns cost him about \$20,000.

A REPORTER for a New York society paper who was anxious to get a full account of a fashionable reception and dance, where reporters were not admitted, dressed himself as a waiter, and had the name of nearly every guest in type the next morning, with their costumes and jewels accurately described.

AN English writer in the current *Fortnightly Review* gives his impressions of American families of all classes, North as well as South, as follows: "We English, who as a nation are proud of our 'homes,' are often forced to acknowledge that our transatlantic neighbors—whose actual home not seldom consists of a few rooms in a boarding-house—have retained the original beauty of family life more perfectly than we have. In the ordinary unartificial American society, be it rich or poor, the family bond holds a very high place."

IN the treaty of peace between France and Madagascar, France waives all claim to a protectorate over the island or to an indemnity. Madagascar agrees to pay, and France to accept, two million dollars for a release which is to cover all foreign claims against Madagascar, both those antedating the recent war and those growing out of it. France is to occupy Tamatave until this money is paid. The treaty also empowers France to station a French Resident in the island, to watch the external politics of the country until they are clearly defined.

OVER 1,000 private Pension Bills have already been introduced in the House, and the principal part of its time, so far, has been taken up in the consideration of such matters. It is believed that the Bill to increase the pension of widows and dependent relatives, which will take \$6,000,000 annually from the Treasury, will undoubtedly pass both Houses. A determined effort is to be made also to pass the Mexican Pension Bill and the one to pension survivors of the Indian wars. The Commissioner of Pensions has estimated that it will take \$52,000,000 to meet the claims for pensions on account of the Mexican War, and it will take another large sum for those who served in the Indian wars.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 1st.—In Orlando, Fla., General Wilmet G. Desauture, a distinguished lawyer, etc., aged 64 years; in St. Louis, Mo., the Rev. Dr. C. L. Goodell, a prominent Congregational clergyman, aged 56 years. February 2d.—In Danvers, Mass., John D. Philbrick, LL.D., of Boston, prominent in educational matters, aged 68 years; in San Francisco, Cal., Lieutenant-commander Richard M. Cotts, United States Navy, aged 40 years. February 3d.—In Nice, France, George L. Lorillard, the noted New York sportsman, aged 43 years. February 4th.—In Springfield, Mass., Judge B. S. Edwards; in Boston, Mass., Thos. C. Stearns, of the banking firm of Dillaway & Stearns, aged 68 years. February 5th.—In Philadelphia, Pa., George T. Lanigan, the well-known journalist and humorous writer, aged 48 years; in Halifax, N. S., the Rev. Dr. P. G. McGregor, treasurer of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, aged 69 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. GERSTER-GARDINI is ill again, and cannot come to America.

JOHN B. GORCH has lectured on temperance more than 7,000 times.

THE report that Secretary Bayard proposed to resign is authoritatively contradicted.

MRS. NILSSON has refused a \$30,000 offer in Russia on account of the coldness of the climate.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has been elected the first honorary member of the Merchants' Exchange at Buffalo.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has finally decided to accept the \$1,500 pension offered him by the British Government.

MR. GLADSTONE has announced a reduction of rent to his tenants ranging from twenty to thirty per cent.

MESSRS. MOODY and SANKEY have arranged to visit Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, and other important points South.

HEINRICH HEINE's brother, Baron Gustav Heine, is the editor of a Vienna paper which has a daily circulation of over 25,000.

THE Empress Eugénie, who has been in very poor health since the death of the Prince Imperial, is trying the grape cure at Meran, in the Tyrol.

MR. BLAINE is going to take a vacation and then write another historical work, going further back in our history than that upon which he has been engaged.

THEODORE THOMAS has used his right arm so much in conducting his orchestra, that he is said to be threatened with a new kind of disability, which may be called baton-paralysis.

AT one of Mrs. Senator Cockrell's recent receptions in Washington, Roman punch was served in baskets formed from scooped-out oranges, the handles being tied with yellow ribbons.

MR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, the eminent naturalist, is quietly planning an early visit to this country. He intends to pass some time in California, but may possibly accept a few invitations to lecture.

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, the British "Sailors' Friend," and until last November a member of Parliament, is visiting Florida—perhaps to ascertain if his orange grove in Marion County was frozen during the recent cold snap.

JENNY LIND (Mme. Goldschmidt), whose voice is said to have lost none of its sweetness and to retain much of its power, has finally yielded to the solicitations which have been forced upon her, and has consented to reappear in concert in London. This event will take place during the coming Summer.

THE bequest of \$100,000 made by the late William H. Vanderbilt to the Moravian Church, New Dorp, Staten Island, has been paid. Cornelius Vanderbilt, his son, states that there is not "a word of truth" in the report that he and his brothers have decided to establish a public art gallery in memory of their father.

QUEEN VICTORIA's birthday present to the Crown Princess of Germany was a "full dress" carriage, the interior of which is lined with blue silk damask, trimmed with gold fringe and tassels. The outside is of claret color, with lines of crimson, and all the mountings are of brass. On the doors and panels the English and Prussian arms are emblazoned in relief.

THOMAS A. EDISON is about to be married to Miss Mina Miller, aged twenty, second daughter of Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, the inventor of the Buckeye Mower and Reaper, and President of the Chautauqua Assembly. Mr. Edison is himself an Ohio man, having been born in Miami, Erie County, Ohio, in 1847. He has been once married, and has a daughter and two small boys. He proposes to keep two establishments—one at Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J., and one at Fort Myers, on the Caloosahatchie River, in tropical Florida.

MISS MARY GLADSTONE, daughter of Mr. Gladstone, was married on the 2d instant to the Rev. Harry Drew, of Hawarden. The ceremony was performed in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. Mr. Gladstone gave the bride away. Among the persons of note present were the Prince and Princess of Wales and their sons, and Lord Rosebery. The bride's dress was of white muslin with Brussels lace. She wore a wreath of orange-blossoms and lilies. A crowd gathered outside of the church cheered the wedding party on their arrival and departure.

MR. BUCK, the Kentuckian, sent as Minister to Peru, has stirred that fashionable region to its centre by appearing at a state official dinner in a business suit. The dinner was given in his honor, and he was the only one who did not appear in evening dress. Mr. Buck honestly states in his own defense that he had not in his wardrobe such a thing as a swallow-tail, so some of the Americans have formed a syndicate to supply him with a dress suit. The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, of England, committed a similar *gaucherie* at a dinner in his honor given at the Union League Club, New York.

SECRETARY LAMAR's decision in the Bell telephone case was eagerly sought for in advance by speculators, who could have made fortunes if they had known of it in time to go short of the stock. A lady clerk in the Interior Department was offered \$5,000 and then \$10,000 by a representative of a New York firm for a copy of the decision, which she had transcribed. At the second offer she excused herself a moment and stepped into the Secretary's private office. When she returned, the Secretary accompanied her, gave the speculator a very plain talk, and informed him he would give him just ten seconds to leave the room.

AMONG last week's deaths is that of Mr. George L. Lorillard, of New York city, which occurred at Nice, France. Mr. Lorillard was widely known in this country as a yachtsman, a turfman, and a patron of all outdoor sports. He was born in this city in 1843, and received his education at Yale College. For many years, after a brief business career, he was identified with yachting. While cruising in the Mediterranean in 1869, his yacht was wrecked seventy-five miles east of Tunis, and Mr. Lorillard and his party had to pay \$15,000 ransom to get out of the hands of Arabs. In 1874 Mr. Lorillard became associated with the turf, where his earnings amounted to from \$50,000 to \$75,000 annually. He had been in infirm health for years, and he went to Nice in the hope of obtaining benefit from the mild climate. He was a very generous man, and spent from \$30,000 to \$40,000 a year in assisting embarrassed friends.





NEW YORK CITY.—RITUALISTIC ESOTERIC MEMORIAL OBSERVANCES OF MECCA TEMPLE, ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER OF THE N

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ART





THE NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE. AT MASONIC TEMPLE, JANUARY 30TH—THE BURNING OF THE PROHIBITED GARMENT.  
BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 422.



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## The Mystery of the Mill.

By

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "HAND AND RING," "A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXI.—THE VAT.

DES. Talk you of killing?  
OTH. Ay, I do.  
DES. Have mercy on me! Then, Heaven—  
—Othello.

I QUIVERED with shame, for I felt my heart sink. But there was no pause in the smooth, sarcastic tones behind me. "When a man persists in judging of his duty contrary to the dictates of reason, he must expect restraint from those who understand his position better than he does himself."

"Then," quoth I, with suddenly acquired strength, "I am to understand that the respectable family of Pollard finds itself willing to resort to the means and methods of highwaymen, in order to compass its ends and teach me my duty?"

"You are," a determined voice returned. At that word, uttered as it was in a tone imperative as Fate, my last ray of hope went out. The voice was that of a woman.

I, however, made a strong effort for the preservation of my dignity and person.

"And will Samuel Pollard's oldest and best beloved son, the kind-hearted and honest Dwight, lend himself to a scheme of common fraud and violence?" I asked.

The reply came in his brother's most sarcastic tones.

"Dwight has left us," he declared. "We have no need of honesty or kind-heartedness here. What we want for this business is an immovable determination."

Startled, I looked up. The lantern which had hitherto swung from the band of my guide stood on the floor. By its light three things were visible. First, that we stood at the head of a staircase descending into a depth of darkness which the eye could not pierce; secondly, that in all the area about me but two persons stood; and third, that of these two persons, one of them was masked and clad in a long black garment such as is worn at masquerade balls under the name of a domino. Struck with an icy chill, I looked down again. Why had I allowed myself to be caught in such a trap? Why had I not followed Mr. Nicholls immediately to Boston when I heard that he was no longer in town? Or, better still, why had I not manufactured for myself a safeguard in the form of a letter to that gentleman, informing him of the important document which I held, and the danger in which it possibly stood from the family into whose toils I had now fallen? I could have cursed myself for my dereliction.

"David Barrows," came in imperative tones from the masked figure, "will you tell us where this will is?"

"No," I returned.

"Is it not on your person?" the inquisitorial voice pursued.

"It is not," I answered, firmly; thankful that I spoke the truth in this.

"Is it in your rooms, then?—in your desk, perhaps?"

I remained silent.

"Is it in your rooms?" the indomitable woman proceeded.

"You who have been there should know," I replied, feeling my courage rise as I considered that they could not assail my honor, while my life without my secret would benefit them so little that it might be said to stand in no danger.

"I do not understand you," the icy voice declared; while Guy, stepping forward, planted his hand firmly on my shoulder, and said:

"Wherever it is, it shall be delivered to our keeping to-night. We are in no mood for dallying. Either you will give us your solemn promise to obtain this will and hand it over to us without delay and without scandal, or the free light of heaven is shut out from you for ever. You shall never leave this mill!"

"But," I faltered, striving in vain to throw off the incubus of horror which his words invoked, "what good would my death do you? Could it put Mr. Pollard's will in your hands?"

"Yes," was the brief and decided reply; "if it is anywhere in your rooms."

It was a word that struck home. The will was in my rooms, and I already saw it in my imagination torn from its hiding-place by the unscrupulous hand that held me.

Mastering my emotion with what spirit I could, I looked quickly about me. Were there no means of escape? I saw none. In the remote and solitary place which they had chosen for this desperate attempt, a cry would be but waste breath even if we were in that part of the mill which looks towards the road. But we were not; on the contrary, I could see, by aid of the faint glimmer which the lantern sent forth, that the room in which we had halted was as far as possible from the front of the building, for its windows were obscured by the brushwood which only grew against the back of the mill. To call out there would be folly, while to seek by any force of strategy to break away from the two relentless beings that controlled me could only end in failure, unless darkness would come to my aid and hide my road of escape. But darkness could only come by the extinguishing of the lantern, and that it was impossible for me to effect. For I was not strong enough to struggle in its direction with Guy Pollard, nor could I reach it by any stretch of foot or hand. The light must burn, and I must stay there unless—the thought came suddenly—I could take advantage of the flight of steps at the head of which I stood; and by a sudden leap, gain the cellar, where I would stand a good chance

of losing myself amid intricacies as little known to them as to myself. But to do this I must be free to move, and there was no shaking myself loose from the iron clutch that held me.

"You see you are in our power," hissed the voice of the woman from between the motionless lips of her black mask.

"I see I am," I acknowledged; "but I also see that you are in that of God." And I looked severely towards her, only to drop my eyes again with an irrepressible shudder.

For, lay it to my weakness or to the baleful influence which emanated from the whole ghostly place, there was something absolutely appalling in this draped and masked figure, with its gleaming eyes and cold, thin voice.

"Shall we have what we want before your death or after?" proceeded Guy Pollard, with a calm but cold ignoring of my words that was more threatening than any rudeness.

I did not answer at first, and his grip upon me tightened; but next moment, from what motive I cannot say, it somewhat relaxed; and startled with the hope of freedom, I exclaimed with a vehemence for which my former speech must have little prepared them:

"You shall not have it at all! I cannot break my word with your father, and I will not stay here to be threatened and killed." And making a sudden movement, I slipped from his grasp and plunged down the steps into the darkness below.

But scarcely had my feet touched the cellar-floor, before I heard the warning cry shrill out from above: "Take care! There is an open vat before you. If you fall into that, we shall be free of your interference without lifting a hand."

An open vat! I had heard of the vats in the old mill's cellar. Instinctively recoiling, I stood still, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. At the same moment I heard the sound of steps descending the stairs.

"So you think this a better place for decision than the floor above!" exclaimed Guy Pollard, drawing up by my side. "Well, I am not sure but you are right," he added; and I saw by the light of the lantern, which his companion now brought down the stairs, the cold glimmer of a smile cross his thin lips and shine for a moment from his implacable eyes.

Not knowing what he meant, I glanced anxiously about, and shrank with dismay as I discerned the black hole of the vat he had mentioned yawning within three feet of my side. Was it a dream, my presence in this fearful spot? I looked at the long stretch of arches before me glooming away into the darkness beyond us, and felt the chill of a nameless horror settle upon my spirit. Was it because I knew those circles of blackness held many another such pit of doom as that into which I had so nearly stumbled? Or was it that the grisly aspect of the scene woke within me that slumbering demon of the imagination which is the bane of natures like mine?

Whatever it was, I felt the full force of my position, and scarcely cared whether my voice trembled or not as I replied:

"You surely have me in your hands; but that does not mean that it is I who must make a decision. If I understand the situation, it is for you to say whether you will be murderers or not."

"Then you do not intend to put us in possession of my father's will?"

"No," I murmured, and bowed my head for the blow I expected from him.

But he dealt me no blow. Instead of that, he eyed me with a look which grew more and more sinister as I met his glance with one which I meant should convey my indomitable resolution. At last he spoke again.

"I think you will reconsider your determination," said he, with a meaning I did not even then fathom; and, exchanging a quick glance with the silent figure at his right, he leaned towards me, and—What happened? For a moment I could not tell, but soon, only too soon, I recognized by my stunned and bleeding body, by the closeness of the air I suddenly breathed, and by the circle of darkness that shut about me, and the still more distinctive circle of light that glimmered above, that I had been pushed into the pit whose yawning mouth had but a few short moments before awakened in me such dismay.

Aghast, almost mad with the horror of a fate so much more terrible than any I had anticipated, I strove to utter a cry; but my tongue refused its office, and nothing but an inarticulate murmur rose from my lips. It was not piercing enough to clear the edge of the vat, and my soul sank with despair as I heard its fruitless gurgle, and realized by the sound of departing steps, and the faint and fainter glimmering of the circle of light which, at my first glance, had shone quite brightly above my hideous prison-house, that my persecutors had done their worst, and were now leaving me alone in my trap to perish.

God! what an instant it was! To speak, to shriek, to call, nay, plead for aid, was but the natural outcome of the overwhelming anguish I felt, but the sound of steps had died out into an awful stillness, and the glimmering circle upon which my staring eyes were fixed had faded into a darkness so utter and complete that, had the earth been piled above my head, I could not have been more wholly hidden from the light.

I had fallen on my knees, and, desperate as I was, had made no attempt to rise. Not that I thought of prayer, unless my whole dazed and horrified being was a prayer. The consolations which I had offered to others did not seem to meet this case. Here was no death in the presence of friends and under the free light of heaven. This was a horror. The hand of God, which could reach every other mortal, whatever their danger or doom, seemed to stop short at this gate of hell. I could not even imagine my soul escaping thence, I was buried—body and soul, I was buried; and yet I was alive, and knew that I must remain alive for days, if not for weeks.

I do not suppose that I remained in this frightful condition of absolute hopelessness for more than five minutes, but it seemed to me an eternity. If a drowning man can review his life in an instant, what was there not left for me to think and suffer in the lapse of those five horrible minutes! I was young when the unscrupulous hand of this daring murderer pushed me into this pit; I was old when, with a thrill of joy such as passes over the body but once in a lifetime, I heard a voice issue from the darkness, saying, severely, "David Barrows, are you prepared for a decision now?" and realized that, like the light which now sprang into full brilliance above my head, hope had come again into my life, and that I had to speak but a dozen words to have love, sunshine and liberty restored to me.

The rush of emotion which this startling change brought was almost too much for my reason. Looking up into the sardonic face I could now discern peering over the edge of the vat, I asked, with a frantic impulse that left me no time for thought, if an immediate restoration to freedom would follow my compliance with his wishes; and when he answered "Yes," I beheld such a vision of sunshiny fields and of a happy, love-lighted home, that my voice almost choked as I responded that I did not think his father would have wished me to sacrifice my life, or force a son of his into the crime of murder, for the sake of any reparation which money could offer. And as I saw the face above me grow impatient, I told in desperate haste where I had concealed the will, and how it could be obtained without rousing the suspicions of my neighbors.

He seemed satisfied, and hastily withdrew his face; but soon returned and asked for the key of my house. I had it in my pocket, and hurriedly pitched it up to him, when he again disappeared.

"When shall I be released?" I anxiously called out after him.

But no answer came back, and presently the light began to fade as before, and the sound of steps grew fainter and fainter, till silence and darkness again settled upon my dreadful prison-house.

But this time I had hope to brighten me, and shutting my eyes, I waited patiently. But at last, as no change came, and the silence and darkness remained unbroken, I became violently alarmed, and cried to myself:

"Am I the victim of their treachery? Have they obtained what they want, and now am I to be left here to perish?"

The thought made my hair stand on end, and had I not been a God-fearing man, I should certainly have raised my voice in curses upon my credulity and lack of courage. But before my passion could reach its height, hope shone again in the shape of returning light. Some one had entered the cellar and drawn near the edge of the vat; but though I strained my gaze upward, no face met my view, and presently I heard a voice, which was not that of Guy Pollard, utter, in tones of surprise and apprehension:

"Where is the clergyman?" Guy said I should find him here in good condition."

The masked figure, who was doubtless the one addressed, must have answered with a gesture towards the hole in which I lay, for I heard him give vent to a horrified exclamation, and then say, in accents of regret and shame, "Was it necessary?" and afterwards, "Are you sure he is not injured?"

The reply, which I did not hear, seemed to satisfy him, for he said no more, and soon, too soon, walked away again, carrying the light, and leaving me, as I now knew, with that ominous black figure for my watch and guardian—a horror that lent a double blackness to the situation, which was only relieved now by the thought that Dwight Pollard's humanity was to be relied on, and that he would never wantonly leave me there to perish after the will had been recovered and destroyed.

It was well that I had this confidence, for the time I now had to wait was long. But I lived it through, and at last had the joy of hearing footsteps, and the voice of Guy saying in a dry and satisfied tone, "It is all right," after which the face of Dwight looked over the edge of the vat, and he gave me the help which was needed to lift me out of that horrible pit.

I was a free man again. I had stepped from the gates of hell, and the world, with all its joys and duties, lay before me bright and beautiful as love and hope could make it. Yet, whether it was the gloom of the cellar, in which we still lingered, or the baleful influence that emanated from the three persons in whose presence I once more stood, I felt a strange sinking at my heart, and found myself looking back at the pit from which I had just escaped, with a sensation of remorse, as if in its horrid depths I had left or lost something which must create a void within me for ever.

My meditations in this regard were interrupted by the voice of Guy.

"David Barrows," said he, "we hold the paper which was given you by my father."

I bowed with a slight intimation of impatience.

"We have looked it over, and it is, as he said, his will. But it is not such a one as we feared; and to-morrow, or as soon as we can restore the seal, we shall restore it to you, for such disposition as your judgment suggests."

I stared at him in an amazement that made me forget my shame.

"You will give it back?" I repeated.

"To-morrow," he laconically replied.

### CHAPTER XXII.—THE CIPHER.

Ah, my false heart, what hast thou done?

THIS is a story of fact; it is also a story of mental struggle. I shall not, therefore, be considered too diffuse if I say that this unlooked-for ending to my unhappy adventure threw me into a strange turmoil of feeling from which I had no rest until the next day came. That they

should promise to restore the will, to obtain which they had resorted to measures almost criminal in their severity, awoke in me the greatest astonishment. What could it mean? I waited to see the will before replying.

It came, as Guy Pollard had promised, at noon, on the following day. It was in a new envelope, and sealed, just as it had been before it left my possession. Had I not known into what unscrupulous hands it had fallen, I should have doubted if it had ever been opened. As it was, I was not only confident that it had been read from end to end, but fearful that it had been tampered with, and, perhaps, altered. To get it out of my hands, and, if possible, my mind also, I carried it at once to Mr. Nicholls, who, I had ascertained that morning, had returned to town the day before.

He received me with affability, but looked a little surprised when he learned my errand.

"I was just going to call on the family," he remarked. "I drew up Mr. Pollard's will, myself; and—"

"You drew up Mr. Pollard's will?" I hastily interrupted. "You know its contents, then, and can tell me—"

"Pardon me," he hastily put in, "the family have the first right to a knowledge of what Mr. Pollard has done for them."

I felt myself at a loss. To explain my rights, and the great desire which I experienced to ascertain whether the tenor of the paper he now held coincided with that which he had submitted to Mr. Pollard for his signature, necessitated a full relation of facts which I was not yet certain ought to be made public. For, if the will had not been meddled with, and Mr. Pollard's wishes stood in no danger of being slighted or ignored, what else but a most unhappy scandal could accrue from the revelation which I should be forced to make? Then my own part in the miserable affair. If not productive of actual evil, it was still something to blush for, and I had not yet reached that stage of repentance or humility which made it easy to show to the world a weakness for which I had no pity nor sympathy myself. Yet, to guard the interests with which I had been intrusted, it was absolutely necessary that the question which so much disturbed me should be answered. For, if any change had been made in this important paper, by which the disposition of Mr. Pollard's property should be turned aside from the channel in which he had ordered it, I felt that no consideration for the public welfare or my own good fame should hinder me from challenging its validity.

My embarrassment evidently showed itself, for the acute lawyer, after a momentary scrutiny of my face, remarked:

"You say Mr. Pollard gave you this will to hand to me. Do you know the cause of this rather extraordinary proceeding? or have you any suspicion why, in the event of his desiring me to have in charge a paper which ought to be safe enough in his own house, he chose his pastor for his messenger instead of one of his own sons?"

"Mr. Nicholls," I returned, with inward satisfaction for the opportunity thus given me for reply, "the secrets which are confided to a clergyman are as sacred as those which are intrusted to a lawyer. I could not tell you my suspicions if I had any; I can only state the facts. One thing, however, I will add—that, owing to circumstances which I cannot explain, but greatly regret, this paper has been out of my hands for a short time; and in speaking as I did, I wished merely to state that it would be a satisfaction to me to know that no harm has befallen it, and that this is the very will, in spirit and detail, which you drew up and saw signed by Mr. Pollard."

"Oh," exclaimed the lawyer, "if that is all, I can soon satisfy you." And, tearing open the envelope, he ran his eye over the document, and quietly nodded. "It is the same," he declared. "There has been no meddling here."

And feeling myself greatly relieved, I rose without further conversation and hastily took my leave.

But when I came to think of it all again in my room, I found my equanimity was not yet fully restored. A doubt of some kind remained, and though, in consideration of the manifold duties that pressed upon me, I reluctantly put it aside, I could not help its lingering in my mind, darkening my pleasures and throwing a cloud over my work and the operations of my mind. The sight which I now and then caught of the Pollards did not tend to allay my anxieties. There was satisfaction in their countenances, and in that of Guy, at least, a certain triumphant disdain which only could be partly explained by the victory which he had won over me through my fears. I awaited the proving of the will with anxiety. If there were no seeming reparation made in it, I should certainly doubt its being the expression of Mr. Pollard's wishes.

What was my surprise, then, when the will having been proved, I obtained permission to read it, and found that it not only contained mention of reparation, but that this reparation was to be made to Margaret, his wife.

"For sums loaned by her to me and lost, I desire to make reparation by an added bequest—" so it read; and I found myself nonplussed and thrown entirely out in all my calculations and conjectures. The great anxiety Mr. Pollard had shown lest the will should fall into this very woman's hands did not tally with this expression of justice and generosity, nor did the large sums which he had left to his three children show any of that distrust which his countenance had betrayed towards the one who was present with him at the time of his death. Could it be that he had given me the wrong paper, or was he, as Mrs. Pollard had intimated, not responsible for his actions and language at that time? I began to think the latter conjecture might be true, and was only hindered in the enjoyment of my old tranquillity by the remembrance of the fearful ordeal I had been subjected to in the mill, and the con-



sideration which it brought of the fears and suspicions which must have existed to make the perpetration of such an outrage possible.

But time, which dulls all things, soon began to affect my memory of that hideous nightmare, and with it my anxiety lest in my unfaithfulness to my trust I had committed a wrong upon some unknown innocent. Life with its duties, and love with its speedy prospect of marriage, gradually pushed all unpleasant thoughts from my mind, and I was beginning to enjoy the full savor of my happy and honorable position again, when my serenity was again, and this time for ever, destroyed by a certain revelation that was accidentally made to me.

The story of it was this: I had taken by mistake with me to a funeral the prayer-book which Mr. Pollard had presented to me. I was listening to the anthem which was being sung, and being in a nervous frame of mind, was restlessly fingering the leaves of the book which I held in my hand, when my eye, running over the page that happened to open before me, caught sight of some of the marks with which the text was plentifully beset. Mechanically I noticed the words under which they stood, and mechanically I began reading them, when to my great astonishment and subsequent dismay, I perceived they made sense; in short, had a connection which, when carried on from page to page of the book, revealed sentences which promised to extend themselves into a complete communication.

This is the page I happened upon, with its lines and dots. Note the result which accrues from reading the marked words alone:

THE EPIPHANY. 81

with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them. And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called JESUS, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb.

*The same Collect, Epistle, and Gospel shall serve for every day after, unto the Epiphany.*

The Epiphany, Or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

THE COLLECT.

O GOD, who by the leading of a star didst manifest thy only-begotten Son to the Gentiles; Mercifully grant that we, who know thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of thy glorious Godhead; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

It was but one of many, and you can imagine how difficult I found it to continue with the service and put the subject from my mind till the funeral was over and I could return to solitude and my third and final examination into the meaning of this mysterious gift.

You can also imagine my wonder, when, by following out the plan I have indicated, the subjoined sentences appeared, which, if somewhat incoherent at times, as could only be expected from the limited means at his command—certainly convey a decided meaning, especially after receiving the punctuation and capital letters, which, after long study and some after knowledge of affairs, I have ventured upon giving them:

"My sin is ever before me."  
"Correct lest thou bring me to nothing."  
"Do those things which are requisite and necessary for a pure and humble one Grace by name; begotten by son, he born of first wife and not obedient to the law abroad, a prisoner."  
"Revelation made known in few words whereby when ye read, ye may understand the mystery which was made known unto the sons, fellow-heirs of Grace."

"Go and search diligently for the young child."  
"The higher powers resist and are a terror to good works."

"Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise, minister of God."  
"Wherefore ye must needs be subject for wrath, for they are attending continually upon this thing."

"Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute; honor to whom honor."  
"Two possessed of devils, exceeding fierce, of the household, hope Grace may evermore be cast away."

"They murmur against the good man of the house, and do not agree to mercifully defend against perils in the city an honest and good heart."

"My will leave (s) heritage to Grace."  
"The devil is against me."  
"Behold a woman grievously vexed with lost sheep of the house."

"Then came she, saying, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs. Be unto us an offering named as becometh saints. For this ye know that no unclean person hath any inheritance because of disobedience and fellowship with works of darkness. For it is a shame to speak of those things which are done of them in secret.'"

"Beelzebub the chief of devils and sons cast out man: taketh from him all wherein he trusted and divideth the spoils against me."

"To purge conscience, the new testament means redemption of the transgressions under first testament."

"Said a devil, 'Father, ye do dishonor me: Say ye know him not, thy son, and suffer that a notable prisoner, his wife and child were no. Called by thy name.' 'I will,' said I. But I deny all here. My soul is sorrowful unto death as I bore false witness against them."

"The hand that betrayeth me is with me."

"I appoint you to sift as wheat."

"This must be accomplished, for the things concerning me have an end."

"Words sent unto me out of prison said: 'Daughter weep (s). Beseech thee graciously to fetch home to thee my child in tribulation. For, lo! the ungodly bend their bow and make ready their arrows within the quiver that they may privily shoot at them which are true of heart. Show thy marvelous loving kindness unto an undefiled soul forsaken on every side of mother and friendly neighbors. Make haste to deliver and save. I am clean forgotten as a dead man out of mind. I am become as a broken vessel.'"

"Whilst I held my tongue my bones consumed away daily."

"I will inform thee and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go."

"Blessed are folk chosen to inheritance; the children of them that dwell under kings."

"Poor Grace (c) come over the sea (sea) unaware that I were sick."

"Deliver my darling from the lions, so will I give thee thanks."

"O let not them that are mine enemies triumph that hate me."

"They imagine deceitful words against them that are quiet in the land."

"Child is in thy land."

"Look after daughter among honorable women. House in city of the east-wind, — C.H.A.R.L.E.S. S.T.R.E.E.T."

"Child I have looked upon not."

"I promised with my lips and spake with my mouth, but God turned his mercy from me and upon health hath sent forth his voice. Yea, and that a mighty voice."

"I sink and the deep waters drown me."

"Mine adversaries hath broken my heart."

"Let the things that should have been for them be for the poor prisoner's posterity."

"Break down the carved work and search out my will."

"Walk to table under southwest borders of room, take the wood that hath in it operations of the law, and cleave."

"For my days are gone like a shadow, and I am withered as grass."

(To be continued.)

#### THE SULTAN'S PRESENTS TO GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

AFTER he had handed in his letters of recall as United States Minister to Turkey, General Lew Wallace and wife accepted a number of handsome and costly presents from the Sultan. The first is the imperial decoration of the Medjidie, founded by Sultan Abdul Medjid in 1852, and after the Crimean campaign conferred on numerous British officers. It has five classes, differing in size and value, the design in each being a silver sun of seven triple rays, with the device of the crescent and star alternating with the rays. On a circle of red enamel in the centre of the decoration is a legend in Turkish whose significance is, "Zeal, honor, and loyalty," and the date 1268, corresponding to A. D. 1852. The Sultan's name is engraved on a gold field within the circle. The first three classes suspended the badge around the neck from a narrow red ribbon, bordered with green, and a star, closely resembling the Order, is worn on the left breast. The grand cordon, a broad red ribbon, with green border, is worn from the right shoulder across the breast, and is fastened at the left side with a rosette. The second present is a cigarette-holder of pure gold, the size of a lady's ordinary card-case. The lid is set with twenty solitaire diamonds. A border on the rim and the initials "S. H." in the centre, are made of smaller diamonds. The gifts to Mrs. Wallace are a diamond breastpin and the Nishan Ul Shekfat, or Order of Good Works; a necklace of gold, with pendant star set with diamonds, the centre, of red and green enamel, containing the Sultan's monogram and a text from the Koran. When worn, a smaller star is attached to a broad white ribbon, edged with green. This Order was instituted in honor of Lady Layard, wife of Sir Henry Layard, Ambassador from England to Turkey during the Russian War which ended in 1878. The Ambassadoress was very active in the hospitals, and as a lasting memorial of her numerous charities the badge was designed and presented to her by the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid. It has recently been conferred on the Queen of the Netherlands, the Crown Princess of Austria, the Marquise de Noailles, the Countess of Dufferin, and several others. At the home of General Wallace may also be seen many souvenirs of less value and importance, among them a small photograph of the Sultan, an Oriental dagger, a piece of Turkish embroidery, and the original letter from the Sultan accompanying the presents to General Wallace.

#### HOW A FRENCH PROPRIETOR LIVES.

WHEN a peasant does live in a cottage on his land, it is of the rudest description, generally possessing but two rooms, often only one. It is supplemented by a rude piazza before the door, shaded in Summer-time by the luxuriant leaves of the pumpkin. Here the family cook, dine, and generally sleep during the hot months. Inside the adornment is nil. No muslin curtain to the window, no colored print upon the walls, no bright crockery, no scoured pewter or brass, no clock. A mud floor, a wooden bench, brown and polished with use, a deal table never scrubbed, but brown with dirt and stains, some blackened earthenware cooking-pots (a *marmite* and *casserole*) upon a shelf, and a bedstead, perhaps two, here the wife's sole glory. The sheets are fairly clean, the best coverlet a gay patchwork; the mattresses are well stuffed with dried maize leaves, and the bed is carefully made every day. Sometimes there hangs above it the effigy of the Virgin and Child, but not often nowadays, for in the hard struggle for existence religion itself seems to have been pushed aside; the peasant proprietor has little time for church and prayer, and, though his superstition may remain, his faith has declined. A gay carnation may hang from a broken pot on a wall, but, once stuck in it, it is there because it grows like a weed.

The peasant most frequently inhabits the little village or town that hangs on the mountain-side, or is perched upon a crag apparently inaccessible, and is known to all tourists and lovers of the picturesque, and their duplicates, from Castellar to Fontana, are scattered far inland among the folds of the mountains and over the frontier of Col de Tenda into Italy, as in Briga, Tenda, etc. Everywhere the same story of the small peasant proprietor massed in ancient tenements so closely packed together that, seen from above, it looks as

\* Number omitted for obvious reasons.

though a skillfully thrown sheet or two could cover all the roofs at once. Here the interior condition is worse than in his hut: less space, more crowding, and less air, and here he defies every sanitary law. Five souls frequently inhabit one room, five families one house, which originally was owned by one alone, whose descendants have thus parceled it out among themselves, with the inevitable and deplorable result. Rooms originally intended for sleeping-rooms have perforce become kitchens; and, as a chimney had thus to be provided, the impoverished and parsimonious heirs adopt the expedient of knocking out a stone in the wall and inserting a short earthenware pipe, through which the smoke quietly ascends, obscuring the window directly above. The rights of "ancient light" are not protected by any law in this country.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE art treasures of the late King of Portugal will be sold in Paris this Spring.

THE Turkish Governor of Mitylene is said to have turned archaeologist, and is excavating the amphitheatre, the prototype of the Coliseum at Rome.

AN alloy of manganese and tin has been introduced as suitable for bearings, where shafting is to run at great speed, and for other purposes requiring a high degree of tenacity and closeness of grain.

AS A remedy for the roughening effect of sun and wind, take six drams avoirdupois, powdered borax; pure glycerine, three-quarters of an ounce; rose-water or elder-flower water, twelve ounces. Mix. Its daily use as a cosmetic wash renders the skin soft and white, and prevents and removes chaps, sunburns, etc.

THE site of the Roman arena in Paris has revealed indications of the use of water to flood the arena for the purpose of water sports and sham naval battles. Fragments of seats, with the names of their holders engraved on them, have also been found, and a woman's head in stone, with a fillet of bay-leaves about it.

CRACKS in floors may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of half a pound of flour, three quarts of water and half a pound of alum mixed and boiled. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the crevices with a case-knife. It will harden like papier-maché.

D. G. DOANE gives a beautiful, simple experiment, which may interest the amateur, with the microscope. Upon a slip of glass put a drop of liquid auric chloride or argentic nitrate, with half a grain of metallic zinc in the auric chloride, and copper in the silver. A growth of exquisite gold and silver ferns will grow beneath the eye.

HERR HALBERG, explorer of the Island of Crete for Italy, thinks that he has found in the inscriptions first seen on the foundations of a mill at Gortyna, Crete, the lost laws of Minos. The wall was followed, and an inscription containing twelve columns of some fifty lines was unearthed. There seems to have been a circular building one hundred feet in diameter, a law court, on whose walls the laws were engraved. These very important texts will be carefully edited at Florence for the Italian Government.

AN improvement in the art of bleaching cotton yarns and fabrics has been recently patented by an Englishman. It consists in first treating them with a boiling solution of caustic soda, then subjecting them to the action of steam in a closed vessel, and while so subjected to steam occasionally introducing the soda liquor; then washing the yarns or fabrics—these steps being repeated if necessary; then subjecting the material to the action of the chlorine liquor; then washing them, and finally securing the same.

IT is anything but reassuring to learn that during the past two months 10,000,000 pounds of lard have been used at Chicago in the manufacture of butterine. Sulphuric acid is used to neutralize its flavor, and just enough pure butter is mixed with it to make it pass muster. In the manufacture of oleomargarine, according to the testimony of a New York chemist, sugar of lead, sulphuric acid and boracic acid prominently figure among the sixty ingredients used. And yet its makers claim that it is a harmless compound!

ALL the scattered antiquities of Athens will be brought together in the Central Museum, with the exception of statues and reliefs that belong to the Acropolis. The latter will remain in their special museum. All inscriptions go to the Central Museum. The latter is to be arranged historically, and the gaps made by antiquities which have left Greece and been preserved elsewhere will be filled by plaster casts. The Acropolis and Central Museum will be free to the public on Saturdays and Sundays; on other days one franc will be charged. Drawings of objects may be taken, but squeezes and photographs are a Government monopoly, which will be sold or permitted to be taken as special favors.

COMPARATIVE tests of the granites of New England and Minnesota, instituted by Professor Winchell with a view to determine their crushing strength, exhibit some surprising differences. The pieces employed for this purpose were two-inch cubes unpolished, and, crushed between wooden cushions, the average strength of twenty specimens of Minnesota granite was found to be 94,272 pounds, or 23,218 pounds per square inch; crushed between steel plates, the average strength was 104,800 pounds, or 26,200 pounds to the square inch of surface. The average obtained for the same number of specimens of New England granite was 59,785 pounds, or 14,750 pounds per square inch. The age of Minnesota granites is archaic; that of New England granites is not definitely known.

AN English physician again draws attention to the undesirableness, from the standpoint of health, of so general a use of lead. The point is especially made in respect to leaden soil pipes, that such a pipe invariably becomes more or less corroded in the course of ten or fifteen years, and then the noxious effluvia of the drain are insidiously effused through the house—children falling ill without apparent cause, and even the strongest adults suffering frequently from this dangerous source of infection of the air. Another important point made is, that where lead is employed—as is so often the case—to line cisterns in which to store water, and the latter is very pure, a certain amount dissolves in the water, and may give rise to colic, neuralgia, or even paralysis, in those who drink it; in this manner, also, lead enters into medicines prepared with distilled water which has been stored in lead cisterns.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PITTSBURG, Pa., has a natural gas crematory.

THE Irish Parliamentary Fund in New York has reached the sum of \$50,000.

THE Chinese on the Pacific coast are being subjected to an organized boycott, which is being carried on with systematized vigor.

REPRESENTATIVES of Turkey and Bulgaria have signed the agreement relative to the Bulgarian union, and have notified the Powers to that effect.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill increasing the pension of widows and dependent survivors of Union soldiers from \$8 to \$12 a month.

THE Governor of Ohio has removed the partisan Police Commissioners of Cincinnati. They refuse, however, to vacate their positions until the courts pass upon the case.

THE Connecticut House of Representatives has passed a resolution appropriating \$10,000 for the erection of a monument to the memory of General Israel Putnam.

THE Emperor of China has formally invited the Pope to open direct relations between the Holy See and the Chinese Empire by the establishment of a Papal Embassy at Peking.

A JOINT resolution providing for a constitutional amendment extending the right of suffrage to women has been favorably reported to the United States Senate. It is not probable that it will pass.

A PETITION has been presented to the Massachusetts Legislature asking that body to revoke the charter granted to the American Bell Telephone Company, on the ground that it was obtained by fraud.

THE producers and dealers in California wines in San Francisco have decided to advance the prices of sweet wines twenty per cent., and of dry wines in proportion, in consequence of the shortness of the crop.

AS the result of a great religious revival in Cameron, West Virginia, some twenty-five miles from Wheeling, a large liquor saloon was purchased by public subscription and all the liquors poured into the gutters.

THE Northwestern States were last week visited by another blizzard. At St. Paul the thermometer registered 36° below zero, while in Northern Michigan it fell to 40° below. Heavy snows fell also in the Middle and Southern States.

THE aggregate resources of the savings banks of New York city at the commencement of the present year were \$301,000,000. The amount due depositors was \$256,000,000, an increase in deposits of \$11,000,000 during the year. The number of depositors or open accounts was 640,000.

SEVENTEEN hundred drivers and conductors on four horse-car lines in New York city struck last week, owing to the failure of the companies to fulfill an agreement to limit work to twelve hours a day, and for some hours travel was wholly suspended. The companies finally acceded to the just demands of the men.

THE 1,700 boxes of raisins shipped from Los Angeles County in 1880 represented the entire product of Southern California. A careful estimate of last year's crop in this vicinity makes it 230,000 boxes, or taking the whole State, 350,000 boxes; and the vineyards, drying-houses and apparatus represent \$3,000,000 capital invested.

IN a recent interview, General Butler strongly condemned the policy of boycotting by workmen. "It's a poor weapon," said the general: "the principle is all wrong. It is the weapon used by the employer, and wage-workers should try to do better than they. The workman's weapon is his vote. United they can make the laws of the land."

DISCOURAGING to autograph-collectors: A certain popular literary man is constantly in receipt of scores of requests for his autograph, which he always drops in the waste-basket. When he goes to dinner the elevator-boy amuses himself by filling out the blank cards and placing them in the stamped envelopes sent by the autograph fiends, and posting them back.

A VERY successful series of revival meetings for the benefit of down-town business men is in progress in the John Street Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city. Each day between 12:15 and 1 P. M., the church is crowded, and the congregations are composed for the most part of reputable, gray-haired merchants. The services consist of singing, prayer, a short sermon, and statements of personal experience by members of the congregation.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has voted that the crown jewels shall be sold to provide a fund for aged workmen. The jewels are estimated to be worth \$40,000,000. Some that are of historic interest will go to the Louvre collection. The gems of artistic and educational interest, valued at 13,000,000 francs, will be handed to the Museum and School of Mines. The imperial crown swords that belonged to Louis XVIII. and the Dauphin will be melted in order to prevent the possibility of their falling into the hands of showmen.

THE United States Senate has passed the Bill to open to settlement 11,000,000 acres of the Sioux reservation in Dakota. The reservation comprises 33,000 square miles, is four times as large as the State of Massachusetts, and "is as fine a country," Senator Dawes says, "as the sun rises upon in all this nation." There are only 28,000 Indians on the reservation, and the Sioux practically have given their consent to the reduction, and are to be paid fifty cents an acre for the land taken. It is to be open to settlement under the Homestead Laws, with the exception that fifty cents an acre must be paid by the settler. The residue of the land is to be divided in severally among the Indians in the discretion of the President.

STRUGGLE as she may, Virginia will be compelled to take her own coupon obligations in payment of "all taxes, debts, dues, and demands due" the State. So the United States Supreme Court decided last week, in a number of cases, all involving the same principle. Two men had offered coupons to pay for their licenses as attorneys-at-law; two others had offered coupons to pay their ordinary taxes. The tender had been refused, and lawsuits resulted. The Court holds that the taxpayers were right; that Virginia could not refuse these coupons without impairing the obligations of the contract entered into by the State in the Act of March 30th, 1881, wherein she promised the people who would buy the bonds that she would take the coupons of the same in payment of all demands due her.





THE DANGERS OF PROSPECTING—A SCENE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

SEE PAGE 423.





WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE LATE MISS KATHERINE BAYARD, IN THE COSTUME OF A GYPSY.  
FROM A PHOTO.



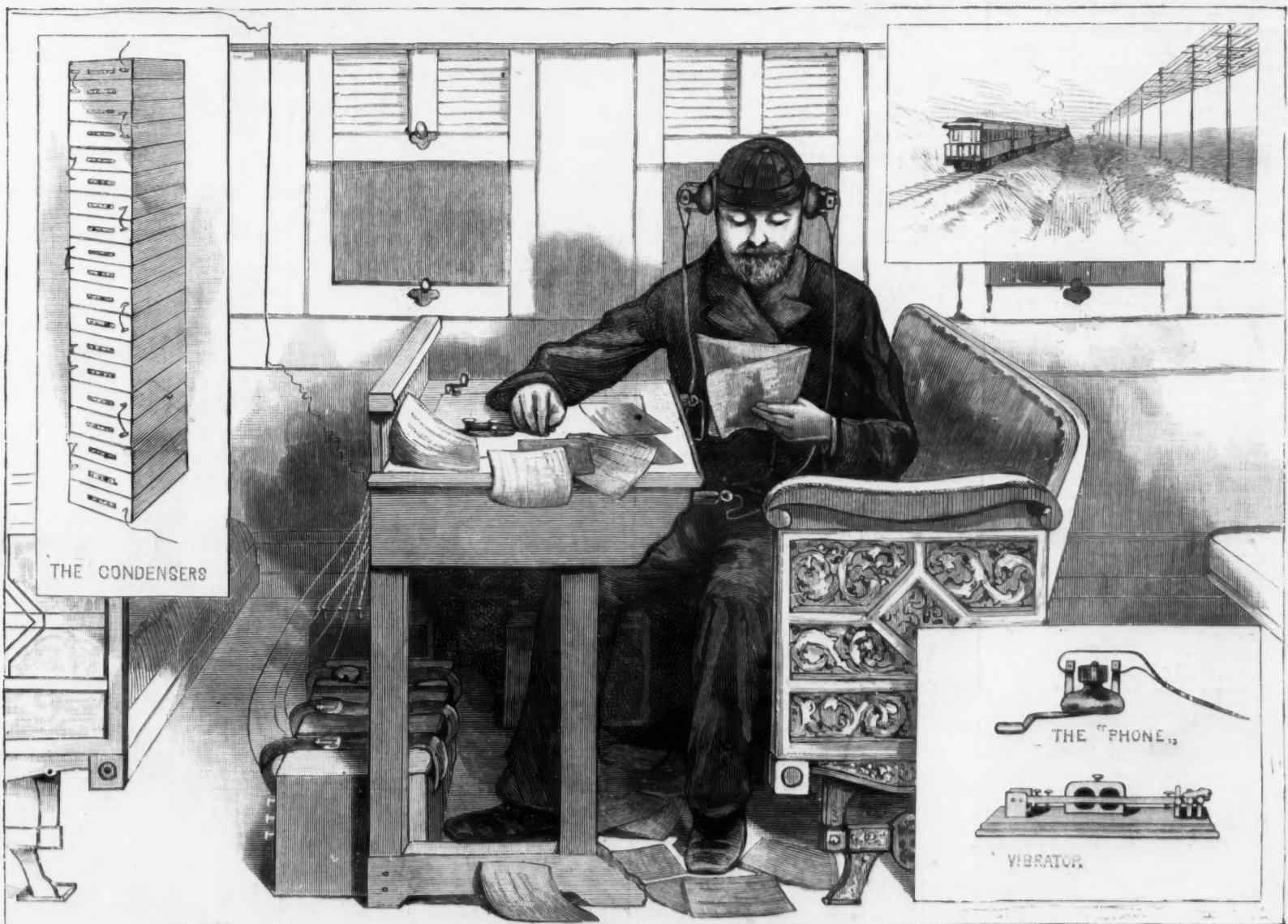
THE LATE MRS. LOUISA LEE BAYARD.  
FROM THE PHOTO. LAST TAKEN.

#### SECRETARY BAYARD'S BEREAVEMENT.

THE double domestic affliction which has fallen so heavily upon Secretary Bayard may well arouse the heartfelt sympathy of his friends and countrymen. On the 16th of last month, as we have previously recorded, he lost the brilliant daughter whom Washington society mourns. Two weeks later his wife died. Mrs. Bayard had been an invalid for some years past; but the shock of the daughter's death undoubtedly hurried the mother to her grave.

Mrs. Bayard's maiden name was Louisa Lee. She was the daughter of a Baltimore banker, and was born in the year 1834. The late Miss Katherine Lee Bayard was the eldest of her children, of whom eight are still living. As a young lady, Mrs. Bayard was much admired in society; but during her latter years, ill-health and her devotion to her domestic relations prevented her from taking an active part in social affairs. Her gentleness and refinement, however, kept her hosts of friends; and her headdress of lace over rows of small gray curls at either side of her face helped to reproduce the illusion of a matron of the older times.

Our portrait of Miss Katherine Bayard represents her dressed in the costume of a Romany girl, which she was so fond of assuming. Gypsies always interested Miss Bayard. She learned their language, and visited their camps at every convenient opportunity. A current anecdote relates that on one occasion, while walking in a



NEW YORK.—TELEGRAPHY BY INDUCTION—EXPERIMENTS ON THE STATEN ISLAND RAILWAY IN TRANSMITTING MESSAGES BETWEEN FIXED TELEGRAPH STATIONS AND MOVING TRAINS.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 430.



city street with some friends, she met a gypsy girl of her acquaintance, whom she promptly accosted: "Well, Mary, what have you been doing since the last time I saw you?" "Stealing, ma'am!" came the unabashed reply.

#### TELEGRAPHY BY INDUCTION.

**DURING** the past week some highly interesting experiments with telegraphy by induction have been made on the Staten Island Railway. This system was invented and adapted for practical use by Thomas A. Edison, Edward T. Gilliland and W. Wiley Smith, and is to be generally introduced on railways throughout the country. Its object is to obtain perfect and instantaneous communication, in both directions, between fixed telegraphic stations and moving trains. The waves of electricity pass through the air from the train to the ordinary Morse wires usually running along the railroad, the exchanging of messages not interfering with the transmission of messages on the wires themselves. The peculiar form of electricity used will jump from the train to the wires through the atmosphere a distance of over four hundred feet. A continuous musical note is formed of electric waves following each other at the rate of five hundred per second, and passing over all the Morse wires connected to the apparatus. This continuous musical note is broken up into long and short sounds, forming dots and dashes, as in the ordinary Morse system, by the key. The electric waves which form these vibrations jump from the wires to the metallic roofs of the cars of the moving train, and all the roofs being connected together to a single wire, the whole of the electricity passes to this wire, thence through the phonetic sounder to the earth through the wheels and track. The transmission from the train to the station is similar. The waves of electricity pass from the apparatus to all the roofs of the cars, then jump to the telegraph-wires, and along them to the distant station. The apparatus used on moving trains for receiving and transmitting telegraphic messages consists of an ordinary Morse key, a phonetic receiver, an ordinary electro-magnet and a battery. At the fixed stations a similar apparatus is used. All of the apparatus used on the train is attached to a small operator's cabinet, or desk, occupying no more space than one ordinary car-seat, and can be moved at will and adjusted to another car in a very few minutes.

The experiments last week were witnessed daily by large numbers of scientific gentlemen and others, and were unanimously pronounced entirely successful. It is stated that the Railway Telegraph and Telephone Company, under whose direction the experiments were made, is perfecting a system for running trains that when in operation will be fully equal to the best block-signal system in use in this or any other country.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

The Massachusetts Legislature is considering a Bill making it a misdemeanor to sell or give tobacco to any minor under sixteen years of age.

A Bill to provide for the appointment by the President of a commission of five persons to investigate the alcoholic liquor traffic has been favorably reported to the United States Senate.

The agent of a Wisconsin brewery convicted of selling liquor without a license was on appeal adjudged not guilty because a United States license allows sales in the original packages anywhere.

The Senate last week passed the Bill admitting the southern part of Dakota as a State, and providing for the organization of the northern part as a Territory under the name of Lincoln. Only one Democrat, Mr. Voorhees, voted in its favor.

As to the telephone controversy, it is said that Attorney-general Garland will not resign; that the Bell telephone trial will go on, and will begin within a few weeks; and that the President intends to have the Government represented by very able counsel.

The House Military Committee has agreed to a Bill for the protection of the people of Arizona and New Mexico. It provides for raising one regiment of volunteer cavalry in each Territory for one year's service, to be composed of and officered by actual residents of the Territories named.

The House of Representatives last week adopted a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information in regard to his past and future policy on the silver question. The House will be referred, by way of reply, to the views expressed by the President in his message to Congress and by the Secretary of the Treasury in his annual report on the subject, with an explanatory statement that their sentiments in regard to silver remain unchanged.

#### FOREIGN.

The Servian Government has ordered all merchants and manufacturers under the age of forty years to join the active army.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Lord-lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, has been appointed Viceroy of Ireland. Baron Wolvorton, ex-Paymaster-general, has been appointed Postmaster-general.

The bi-metallists of the German Reichstag have introduced a resolution requesting the Chancellor to open negotiations with France, England and the United States regarding an international bi-metallist union.

#### ABOUT HOTELS.

One of the great discomforts of travel is, after a long journey, to find one's self in a strange city without knowing at what hotel they may find repose and comfortable surroundings adapted to each one's peculiarity. Some are particular about location, others about rooms. Some are timid about fire. Some want to live on the American plan; and others merely want rooms, and have their meals à la carte or with their friends. To accommodate this variety of desires different hotels have adopted different specialties; but a point of excellence to one traveler may not be appreciated by another. There is one hotel, though, in the great City of New York, that combines all the advantages and peculiarities of the others—it is the Grand Central, Broadway, 667 to 677. Try it; and whatever your wish may be, within reason, you can be accommodated. It is central; its prices are moderate; rooms are single, double, or en suite. You can live on either European or American plan. The table is all the most fastidious can desire; rapid-running elevators accommodate guests; fire-escapes on all sides of building; hydrants and hose on every floor; and a constant patrol, night and day, by efficient watchmen. Messrs. KEEFER & Co. are the proprietors.

#### A REMARKABLE RECORD.

The financial statement of the MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION, which appears on another page of this paper, is in many respects a remarkable document. President Harper's address at the annual meeting of the Association, January 27th, presented a record of results not only gratifying to the members and patrons and commendable for the officers and management, but full of significance to those interested or insured in the "old line" or level premium companies. During 1885, the Mutual Reserve has doubled its cash surplus, doubled its Tontine reserve fund, and nearly doubled its accumulated assets; paid every claim promptly when due, and written over fifty-one millions of new insurance, or more than double the net increase of the oldest and largest level premium company in the world.

To present in detail the figures of the statement would be superfluous, but it is only just to President Harper, Vice-presidents Taylor and Potter, and their associates, to say that their management of the Mutual Reserve is conceded by the best informed authorities and experts to be one of the most important insurance events of the year just closed; that the demonstration of fidelity, ability and enterprise is signal and complete, and that every circumstance points to still greater and more gratifying results in the future. The Company has lately secured special quarters in the heart of the insurance district, and now has nearly one hundred employees on its pay-roll. President Harper's re-election to the directorate of the Association was deservedly made unanimous.

#### FUN.

All men are equal before the law, but not before the mother-in-law.

HAVING been troubled with a very bad cough for about two years, and having tried almost every cough mixture that was ever made, I have found none that has given me such great relief as Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, and I earnestly recommend it to all afflicted.—BENJ. F. DUGGAN, 14 Park Place, New York.

A New York paper says that "ice promises to be reasonable." That is all right, as far as it goes; but it is the ice-dealers we want to see reasonable.

#### A TREASURER'S SAFETY.

AN ACTIVE SCREW MANUFACTURER HAS THE TWISTS TAKEN OUT OF HIS SYSTEM.

Once upon a time—and it was not so many years ago, either—gimlet-pointed screws, such as we have to-day, were unknown. The screws of those days were finished off flat at the end, and a hole had to be bored for each screw, so as to permit it to enter the wood. Some of the best inventions the world has known were by lazy fellows; and the gimlet screw was one of them. A mechanic who was "born tired," and who hated the labor of boring a hole in the wood for each screw, conceived the thought that if the screw were furnished with a little tail-end in the shape of a pointed gimlet, much trouble might be saved.

At first the manufacture of such screws was attended with difficulties, but machinery to overcome these was in due time invented.

The gimlet-pointed screw is one of the necessities of the present age. Our great screw factories turn these useful little things out by the million and million. One of the greatest of the screw concerns is the American Screw Company, whose extensive works are at Providence, Rhode Island. The treasurer of this great corporation, and one of its most active managers, is W. H. Henderson, Esq., one of the most widely known business men of Providence. Mr. Henderson, who is now well advanced in years, has had a long experience of invalidism, against which he bravely battled. His principal trouble was catarrh, which was so obstinate as for a long time to defy all treatment, and so deeply seated as to cause a great degree of deafness.

Our Rhode Island correspondent recently spent an hour with Mr. Henderson, who talked freely of his past and present experience. "My catarrh was of very long standing," said Mr. H. "At an early age I had a severe attack of scarlet fever, which left me with a variety of ailments. The most troublesome and permanent of these was this catarrh. The catarrh took a very strong hold on me, and, in spite of all that the doctors could do for me, it increased from year to year to such an extent that my expectations were so copious as to be very annoying. You may judge how they were when I tell you that I would often use up as many as half-a-dozen handkerchiefs a day. In the night-time the catarrhal discharge was so great that I almost feared to go to sleep lest I should be choked while asleep. I would have to rise once or twice during the night and free my nostrils and mouth from the accumulations. I am now over the worst of my trouble, however, and my catarrh is so nearly gone that it gives me no inconvenience. One handkerchief a day is sufficient for all my needs in that direction."

"Then, Mr. Henderson, some of the treatment you have been taking has done you good?"

"Yes; let me tell you a bit of it. I tried a great many things which were of no avail. One medicine after another failed me. I tried electricity, and thought I received some advantage from it; but the relief proved only partial and temporary. I was ready to try almost anything that gave any hope of relief. Mr. Sullivan Fenner, of this city, advised me to try Compound Oxygen, an article of which I knew nothing except what he told me. It had been of great advantage to him and his son. This gave me practical and lasting relief. It was about two and a half years ago that I sent to Philadelphia for a 'home treatment' of the Compound Oxygen, and at once began using it. You may judge of my surprise at its operation when I tell you that in a few days I felt it was doing me good, in checking the discharges and giving new life to the affected parts. I used the Oxygen regularly and persistently for several months. At first I could inhale only a few seconds at a time, and that was with considerable difficulty. But as I continued the use of the inhalant, inhalation became easier, and relief was greater. The gain in my strength and general health was very satisfactory. I had been so much of an invalid that I was unable to attend to my business with regularity; but as my improvement in health went on, gradually but surely, I found myself able to do far more than I had done for years. To indicate to you the extent of my improvement, I may say that I now rise early, and am at my office by nine or ten o'clock. I have nine clerks, and keep them busy. I go out during the day and attend to a great deal of outdoor business down-town. About six o'clock I go home and spend the evening in reading or otherwise, and go to bed about eleven or twelve."

"Then you are entirely free from catarrh, Mr. Henderson?"

"Quite as free as a man of my age can ever expect to be after such a protracted siege with so obstinate a disease. For all practical purposes I am a well man. I still take Compound Oxygen occasionally, especially if I take cold, for there is nothing like it to break up a cold. I have visited Messrs. Starkey & Palen, in Philadelphia, and have talked with them over my case. They are gentlemen for whom I have the highest esteem, and I am glad they have done so much good and relieved so much distress as they have with the Compound Oxygen."

"Some of your friends have had pleasant experience with Compound Oxygen, have they not, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes; I have recommended it to many. My wife has taken it with good effect. She was suffering with general debility. It vitalized her and gave her strength as nothing else did."

"Then there is an old gentleman, the father of one of my clerks, Mr. Tyler. This gentleman is over seventy years of age. For many years he had suffered from catarrh. For twenty-five years he had

not been able to sleep except when sitting in a chair. He could not lie upon his back. He wrote to Messrs. Starkey & Palen for a 'Home Treatment' in May, and by July he was able to lie on his back and sleep like other people."

"I think it is asking a great deal of Compound Oxygen to expect it to afford relief in such old and obstinate cases as these. But you see what it has done. It can be depended upon. I firmly believe in its efficacy."

The number of those who are firm believers in the remedial power of Compound Oxygen is daily and largely on the increase. It is a wonderful remedy for the relief of the suffering and the strengthening of the weak.

An interesting treatise on the subject is published by Messrs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. This will be sent by mail free of charge, to all who apply for it.

PROOF-READER (to editor).—"Is this 'little brother,' or 'little brother,' in your manuscript?" Editor (who has one).—"It doesn't make any difference."

#### HE GETS A \$5,000 PRIZE.

HOW CAPTAIN SIMMONS HAPPENED TO INVEST IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

THE man who has received more congratulations during the past few days than any other in Manchester is undoubtedly the popular Captain Albion R. Simmons, for his good fortune in drawing so nice a prize as \$5,000 in the January Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. "How happened you to invest in a lottery ticket, and what plan did you pursue?" inquired a representative of *The Union* of Captain Simmons, shortly after the latter had returned from a visit to a savings bank, where the officials had placed the sum of \$4,992.50 to his credit on his deposit-book. "I will tell you," was the response. "Knowing of friends who had drawn small amounts in the Louisiana Lottery, and having seen the official reports of the drawings, I became somewhat interested, and saw that by investing \$1 there was a possibility of a man drawing \$15,000. I went about it with a method, investing \$1 each month, which gave me one-fifth of a ticket, and this plan I followed for eight months, and the eighth time I 'caught on,' as the boys say."

"Have you received your money?"

"I drew through the bank January 23d, and the money came yesterday. To-day I had \$4,992.50 placed to my credit on my deposit-book, the rate of exchange being \$7.50, which makes the difference between the amount with which I am credited and the \$5,000 which my ticket called for."

"Shall you continue to purchase tickets?"

"Oh, yes, I shall buy a one-fifth ticket each month, which I can well afford to do. I went into it in the first place more as a matter of pleasure than anything else, and I can certainly get \$1 worth of amusement out of it each month. It interested me before I held a successful ticket, to know where the prizes went, and to see how near I came to getting one."—*Manchester (N. H.) Union*, Feb. 4th.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, for Pulmonary Affections and Scrofulous Diseases. DR. IRA M. LANG, New York, says: "I am greatly pleased with your Emulsion. Have found it very serviceable in Scrofulous Diseases and Pulmonary affections."

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

#### A GOOD REPUTATION.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles.

Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says: "I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without bread." They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.

BUT few articles have reached such a world-wide reputation as ANGSTURA BITTERS. For over fifty years they have been the acknowledged standard regulators of the digestive organs. Their success has incited imitations. Be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

#### A BARGAIN IN CORNER LOTS.

Is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear, lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of this invaluable medicine. It cures when nothing else will. Possessing, as it does, ten times the virtue of the best cod liver oil, it is not only the cheapest but far the pleasantest to take. It purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the system, cures blotches, pimples, eruptions and other humors. By druggists.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### "WORK, WORK, WORK!"

How many women there are working to-day in various branches of industry—to say nothing of the thousands of patient housewives whose lives are an unceasing round of toil—who are martyrs to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard and irksome, and their lives shortened, yet hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" offers a sure means of relief. For all female weaknesses it is a certain cure. All druggists.



**Glenn's Sulphur Soap.**  
Renowned for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion.  
CAUTION.—There are counterfeits; ask for Glenn's.  
Sold by druggists, 25 cts.; 3 cakes, 60 cts.; mailed to any address on receipt of price and 5 cts. extra per cake.  
C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton St., N. Y.

**EPPS'S COCOA**  
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.



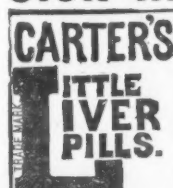
First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.  
**C. WEIS**, Manufacturer of Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 60 Walker St., and Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver-mounted Pipes and Smokers' Goods in Vienna, Austria.

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

WELL PLEASED.

DR. C. ROBERTS, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."

#### SICK HEADACHE.



**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Disorders, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. **CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.** Sold by all Druggists.



#### ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

#### THE INCOMPARABLE

#### BAUS PIANOS

The Most Perfect Instruments of the Age.

ENDORSED BY ALL EMINENT ARTISTS.

In Constant Use at the "Grand Conservatory of Music."

These instruments are constructed from a musician's standpoint, built from the best material, and embodying all modern improvements known in the art of piano manufacturing. They are sold at

LOW PRICES AND EASY TERMS.

**AUGUSTUS BAUS & CO., Manufacturers.**

WAREHOUSES,

58 West 23d Street, New York.

#### DAN'L SULLY'S Corner Grocery

#### Capital Prize EN ROUTE.

Address, **W. O. WHEELER.**

#### WEBER PIANOS

Grand, Square, and Upright

#### PIANOS

World renowned for their sympathetic purity of tone, great durability and singing quality.

A fine selection of all styles always on hand.

WAREHOUSES:

Fifth Avenue, cor. W. 16th Street.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

#### TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Laxative for Constipation.

loss of appetite, bilious headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, etc.

Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor.

27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

#### BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

**Stomach Bitters.**

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

**L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufr and Prop'r,** 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

#### NO MORE RHEUMATISM

GOUT, Gravel, Diabetes. Speedy relief; harmless; infallible; 4 days' cure. French Vegetable Sall-cylates—box, \$1. Books free; thousands authentic references. L. A. PARIS, Gen'l Agt., 102 W. 14th St., N. Y. West'n Agcy: J. C. Fowler, M.D., Denver, Col.

#### CANCER

CURED without the knife or caustic, and cases treated successfully and returned. Consultation free. Call or send for book. **DR. E. C. JONES,** 601 BROAD ST., NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



**SALARY** of \$90 a month and expenses paid to travel and sell staple goods to dealers, or \$40 a month & expenses to distribute circulars in your vicinity. All expenses advanced, salary promptly paid. Sample package of our goods and full particulars FREE. Send 4 cents for postage, packing, etc. We mean what we say.

**NATIONAL SUPPLY COMPANY,**  
Palace Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.





REASONS FOR DODGING THE SILVER QUESTION—A CASE OF "BIG HEAD."

HONESTY, ECONOMY, AND UNPRECEDENTED DEVELOPMENT.

## The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

Note the Stupendous Results of the Year 1885, and the Grand Position of the Association at the End of its Fifth Year.

More than one hundred and twenty-three millions of insurance in force. A net increase for 1885, after providing for all lapses and deaths, of more than thirty-eight million dollars. Eight hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars paid during the year to widows, orphans and other legitimate beneficiaries. The Association begins 1886 with \$1,075,000 assets. The Tontine Reserve Fund exceeds five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The actual bona fide surplus, over and above all possible demands, exceeds six hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

The Association has paid in Benefits, up to date, no less than One Million Six Hundred and Eighty Thousand Dollars.

The saving in cash effected through our system to our members, as compared with the level premium rates charged for ordinary life insurance at same ages under the old system, is as follows, viz.:

SAVING FOR 1881.....	\$857,279.83
SAVING FOR 1882.....	1,102,867.15
SAVING FOR 1883.....	1,698,404.39
SAVING FOR 1884.....	2,175,010.72
SAVING FOR 1885.....	2,931,706.18

TOTAL SAVING IN CASH IN FIVE YEARS.....\$8,765,268.27

IN OTHER WORDS, MORE THAN TWO DOLLARS HAVE BEEN SAVED FOR EACH ONE DOLLAR INVESTED WITH US.

### Results of 1885 in a Nutshell.

Not a dollar has been lost to our death fund or reserve fund account through defalcation or fraud. We have doubled our cash surplus. We have doubled our Tontine reserve fund. We have nearly doubled our accumulated assets. We have placed in force \$51,000,000 new insurance. We have increased the amount of insurance in force by \$28,000,000, being more than double the net increase of that of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York—the oldest and largest level premium company in the world. We close the year with no losses due and unpaid. Every claim has been promptly paid when due—in most instances long before due. We have more than \$2 in cash for every \$1 of liability, and we begin the year with more than \$123,000,000 insurance in force.

### A SUGGESTIVE COMPENDIUM OF THE TREASURER'S REPORT:

RECEIPTS.	
Balance December 31, 1884.....	\$275,652.44
Total net receipts from all assessments during year 1885.....	1,129,928.55
Interest credited to the death fund account during 1885.....	6,954.82
Total receipts.....	1,136,883.37
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Total amount death claims paid during year 1885.....	\$888,675.00
Balance.....	\$573,860.71
Accounted for as follows:	
United States Government Bonds held by Central Trust Company.....	\$102,181.25
United States Government Bonds held by Insurance Department of the State of New York.....	100,559.37
United States Government Bonds held by Insurance Department, Canada.....	51,375.00
Central Trust Company, New York, reserve fund account.....	295,966.55
Fourth National Bank, New York, reserve fund account.....	39,551.74
Fourth National Bank, New York, mortuary fund account.....	65,062.71
Fifth National Bank, St. Louis, Mo., mortuary fund account.....	2,460.27
People's Bank, Baltimore, Md., mortuary fund account.....	2,182.27
Bank of Syracuse, N. Y., mortuary fund account.....	603.39
Cash in office, assessment account.....	4,268.26
	\$573,860.71

The Association has just deposited an additional \$100,000 of United States Bonds with the New York Insurance Department, making \$200,000 on deposit to the credit of the organization at Albany. Besides this, it has \$50,000 deposited with the Canadian Insurance Department. These facts and figures speak for themselves. He that runs may read. Address communications to the

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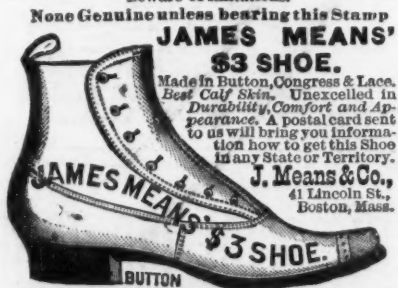
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